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# Property Plot

## Act I

a. Spinning wheel - discovered LC.
2 Sets of Keys (1 real. 1 imitation) for Wilfred L2E
Thumbscrew for Wilfred L2E
1 Dagger for Elsie R.
a. Bag of Money (Sergt Meryll.) L
a. Bauble (cock's head) Jack Point
20 Halberts R. for Beef-eaters 1st entrance
2 do: L for Sergt Meryll & Fairfax
10 do: on either side of Stage for Beef-eaters 2nd Entrance
1 Despatch R2E (Leonard)
4 Arquebuses for men at arms R
Money for Chorus (copper coins) R
a large bell & striker in prompt place
Tamborine R. Elsie
1. Block L2E for Execution
1 Axe for the Executioner L2E
1 Handkerchief for Lieutenant L

## Act II

a. Bauble (Jolly) for Jack Point LUE
a. Large Book LUE Jack Point
20 Halberts L for Warders 1st Entrance
a Gun loaded with Blank cartridge
20 Halberts R for entrance for Finale
4 Cresets LUE lighted } to be lighted as shot is fired
1 Torch (Sergt. Meryll) L
3 Torchs R lighted.
Arquebus for Wilfred with smouldering L



A New and Original Opera,

*IN TWO ACTS,*

ENTITLED

THE

# YEOMEN OF THE GUARD;

OR,

## THE MERRYMAN AND HIS MAID.

WRITTEN BY
W. S. GILBERT,

COMPOSED BY
ARTHUR SULLIVAN,

*Joint Authors of "Thespis; or, The Gods Grown Old": "Trial by Jury": "The Sorcerer": "H.M.S. Pinafore; or, The Lass that loved a Sailor": "The Pirates of Penzance; or, The Slave of Duty". "Patience; or, Bunthorne's Bride": "Iolanthe; or, The Peer and the Peri": "Princess Ida; or, Castle Adamant": "The Mikado; or, The Town of Titipu," and "Ruddigore; or, The Witch's Curse."*

**PRICE ONE SHILLING.**

London:
CHAPPELL & CO., 50, NEW BOND STREET, W.
CITY BRANCH—15, POULTRY, E.C.

*First produced at the Savoy Theatre, London, under the management of Mr. R. D'Oyly Carte, on Wednesday, 3rd October, 1888.*

# THE YEOMEN OF THE GUARD;

OR,

# THE MERRYMAN AND HIS MAID.

## Dramatis Personæ.

| | |
|---|---|
| SIR RICHARD CHOLMONDELEY (*Lieutenant of the Tower*) | MR. W. BROWNLOW. |
| COLONEL FAIRFAX (*under sentence of death*) .. | MR. COURTICE POUNDS. |
| SERGEANT MERYLL (*of the Yeomen of the Guard*) | MR. RICHARD TEMPLE. |
| LEONARD MERYLL (*His Son*) .. .. .. | MR. W. R. SHIRLEY. |
| JACK POINT (*A Strolling Jester*) .. .. | MR. GEORGE GROSSMITH. |
| WILFRED SHADBOLT (*Head Jailor and Assistant Tormentor*) | MR. W. H. DENNY. |
| THE HEADSMAN .. .. .. .. .. | MR. RICHARDS. |
| FIRST YEOMAN .. .. .. .. .. | MR. WILBRAHAM. |
| SECOND " .. .. .. .. .. | MR. MEDCALF. |
| THIRD " .. .. .. .. .. | MR. MERTON. |
| FOURTH " .. .. .. .. .. | MR. RUDOLF LEWIS. |
| FIRST CITIZEN .. .. .. .. .. | MR. REDMOND. |
| SECOND " .. .. .. .. .. | MR. BOYD. |
| ELSIE MAYNARD (*A Strolling Singer*) .. .. | MISS GERALDINE ULMAR. |
| PHŒBE MERYLL (*Sergeant Meryll's Daughter*) | MISS JESSIE BOND. |
| DAME CARRUTHERS (*Housekeeper to the Tower*) | MISS ROSINA BRANDRAM. |
| KATE (*Her Niece*) .. .. .. .. | MISS ROSE HERVEY. |

Chorus of Yeomen of the Guard, Gentlemen, Citizens, &c.

SCENE.—Tower Green. DATE.—16th Century.

The Scenery painted by Mr. HAWES CRAVEN (by permission of Mr. HENRY IRVING). The Dresses designed by Mr. PERCY ANDERSON and executed by Miss FISHER, Madame LÉON, and M. BARTHE. Wigs by CLARKSON. The Dances arranged by Mr. JOHN D'AUBAN.

Phoebe
O (seated) with spinning wheel.
□

Wilfred
×

Phoebe
O seated

(1)
Phoebe
Wilfred Sergt. Meryll
Everyman Jn. Warder's Entrance

{X. means Gentlemen
O means Ladies}



# THE YEOMEN OF THE GUARD;

OR,

# THE MERRYMAN AND HIS MAID.

## ACT I.

SCENE—*Tower Green.*

PHŒBE *discovered spinning.*

SONG.—PHŒBE.

When maiden loves, she sits and sighs,
She wanders to and fro;
Unbidden tear-drops fill her eyes,
And to all questions she replies,
With a sad heigho!
stop spinning 'Tis but a little word—"heigho!"
So soft, 'tis scarcely heard—"heigho!"
start again An idle breath—
Yet life and death
stop at repeat of "An idle breath" May hang upon a maid's "heigho!"
start again for Sym to 2nd Verse When maiden loves, she mopes apart,
As owl mopes on a tree;
Although she keenly feels the smart,
She cannot tell what ails her heart,
With its sad "Ah me!"
stop 'Tis but a foolish sigh—"Ah me!"
Born but to droop and die—"Ah me!"
start again Yet all the sense
Of eloquence
Lies hidden in a maid's "Ah me!" (*weeps.*)

*Enter* WILFRED. L U E

WIL. Mistress Meryll!

PHŒ. (*looking up*). Eh! Oh! it's you, is it? You may go away, if you like. Because I don't want you, you know.

WIL. Haven't you anything to say to me?

Wilfred Phobe



PHŒ. Oh yes! Are the birds all caged? The wild beasts all littered down? All the locks, chains, bolts, and bars in good order? Is the Little Ease sufficiently uncomfortable? The racks, pincers, and thumbscrews all ready for work? Ugh! you brute! moves to spinning wheel L of back

WIL. These allusions to my professional duties are in very doubtful taste. I didn't become a head-jailor because I like head-jailing. I didn't become an assistant-tormentor because I like assistant-tormenting. We can't *all* be sorcerers, you know. (PHŒBE *annoyed*.) Ah! you brought that upon yourself.

PHŒ. Colonel Fairfax is *not* a sorcerer. He's a man of science and an alchemist.

on this very spot

WIL. Well, whatever he is, he won't be one long, for he's to be beheaded to-day at sundown for dealings with the devil. His master nearly had him last night, when the fire broke out in the Beauchamp Tower. drop spec. action

PHŒ. Oh! how I wish he had escaped in the confusion! But take care; there's still time for a reply to his petition for mercy.

glad

WIL. Ah! I'm content to chance that. This evening at half-past-seven—ah!

gets up

PHŒ. You're a cruel monster to speak so unfeelingly of the death of a young and handsome soldier.

WIL. Young and handsome! How do *you* know he's young and handsome?

PHŒ. Because I've seen him every day for weeks past taking his exercise on the Beauchamp Tower. (WILFRED *utters a cry of agony*.) There, I believe you're jealous of *him*, now. Jealous of a man I've never spoken to! Jealous of a poor soul who's to die in an hour!

sits

WIL. I am! I'm jealous of everybody and everything. I'm jealous of the very words I speak to you—because they reach your ears—and I musn't go near 'em!

gets up

PHŒ. How unjust you are! Jealous of the words you speak to me! Why, you know as well as I do, that I don't even like them. (*going L with wheel*)

WIL. You used to like 'em.

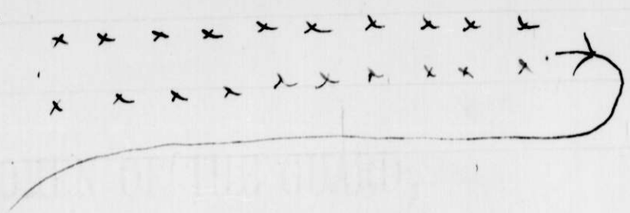
PHŒ. I used to *pretend* I liked them. It was mere politeness to comparative strangers. (*Exit* PHŒBE, *with spinning wheel*.) L 1 E

WIL. I don't believe you know what jealousy is! I don't believe you know how it eats into a man's heart—and disorders his digestion—and turns his interior into boiling lead. Oh, you are a heartless jade to trifle with the delicate organization of the human interior! goes up + exits R 1 E as others come on.

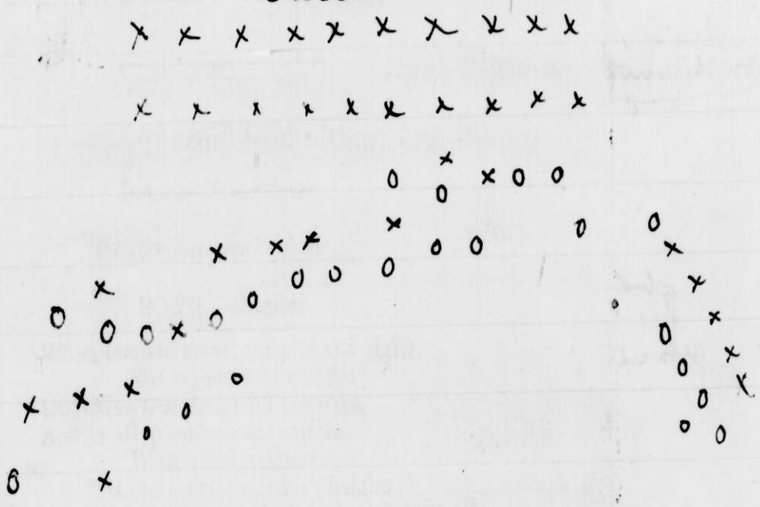
from other side *Enter crowd of Men and Women, followed by Yeomen of the Guard,* R 2 E
thro' sym *led by* SERGEANT MERYLL.

Warders

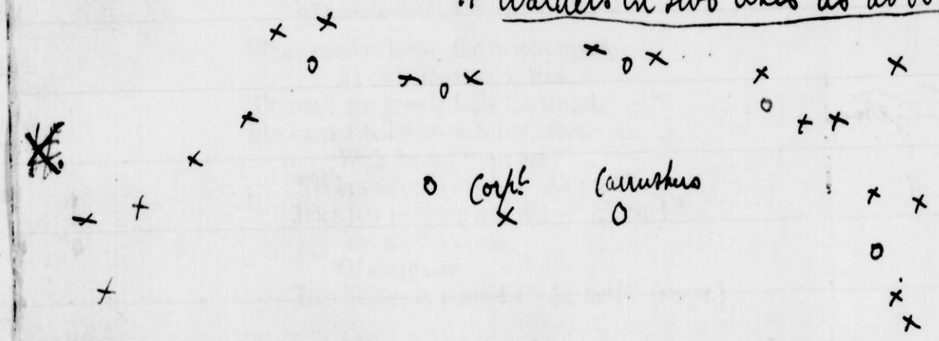
Enter R 2 E.



Warders.



# Warders in two lines as above




Corpl Dame Phoebe

(2)

Dame Carruthers.
Sergt. Meryll.



CHORUS (*as Yeomen march on*).

Tower Warders,
Under orders,
Gallant pikemen, valiant sworders!
Brave in bearing,
Foeman scaring,
In their bygone days of daring!
Ne'er a stranger
There to danger—
Each was o'er the world a ranger:
To the story
Of our glory
Each a bold contributory!

CHORUS OF YEOMEN.

# In the autumn of our life,
Here at rest in ample clover,
We rejoice in telling over
Our impetuous May and June.
In the evening of our day,
With the sun of life declining,
We recall without repining
All the heat of bygone noon.

Salute & turn up stage by the right
X group

SOLO.—CORPORAL.

This the autumn of our life,
This the evening of our day;
Weary we of battle strife,
Weary we of mortal fray.
But our year is not so spent,
And our days are not so faded,
But that we with one consent,
Were our lovèd land invaded,
Still would face a foreign foe,
As in days of long ago.

| PEOPLE. | YEOMEN. |
|---|---|
| Tower Warders,<br>Under orders, &c. | In the autumn time of life, &c. |

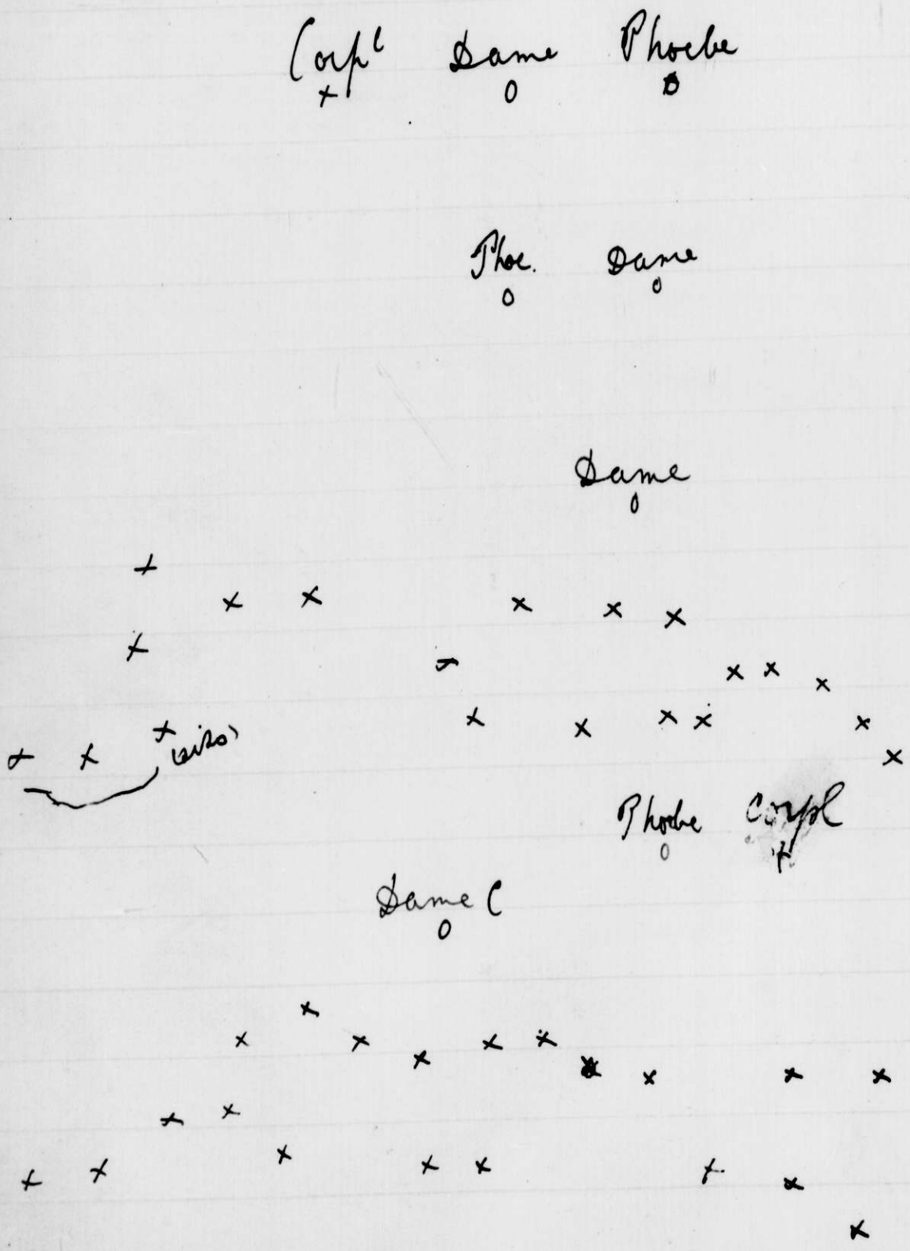
[*Exeunt Crowd. Manent Yeomen.*

*Enter* DAME CARRUTHERS. R 1 E
~~Enter Phoebe L 2 E~~ Corporal

DAME. A good-day to you, ~~Sergeant~~.

CORPORAL. Good-day, Dame Carruthers. Busy to-day?

DAME. Busy, aye! the fire in the Beauchamp last night has given me work enough. A dozen poor prisoners—Richard Colfax, Sir Martin Byfleet, Colonel Fairfax, Warren the preacher-poet,






and half-a-score others—all packed into one small cell, not six feet square. Poor Colonel Fairfax, who's to die to-day, is to be removed to ~~No. 14 in~~ the Cold Harbour Tower that he may have his last hour alone with his confessor; and I've to see to that.

all listen

COR. Poor gentleman! He'll die bravely. I fought under him two years since, and he valued his life as it were a feather!

PHŒ. He's the bravest, the handsomest, and the best young gentleman in England! He twice saved my father's life; and it's a cruel thing, a wicked thing, and a barbarous thing that so gallant a hero should lose his head—for it's the handsomest head in England! goes R C.

X L

DAME. For dealings with the devil. Aye! if all were beheaded who dealt with *him*, there'd be busy doings on Tower Green.

PHŒ. You know very well that Colonel Fairfax is a student of alchemy—nothing more, and nothing less; but this wicked Tower, like a cruel giant in a fairy-tale, must be fed with blood, and that blood must be the best and bravest in England, or it's not good enough for the old Blunderbore. Ugh! going up

DAME. Silence, you silly girl; you know not what you say. I was born in the old keep, and I've grown grey in it, and, please God, I shall die and be buried in it; and there's not a stone in its walls that is not as dear to me as my own right hand.

then talking to one another

SONG.—DAME CARRUTHERS.

When our gallant Norman foes
Made our merry land their own,
And the Saxons from the Conqueror were flying,
At his ~~bidding~~ word it arose,
In its panoply of stone,
A sentinel unliving and undying.
Insensible, I trow,
As a sentinel should be,
Though a queen to save her head should come a-suing
There's a legend on its brow
That is eloquent to me,
And it tells of duty done and duty doing.

"The screw may twist and the rack may turn,
And men may bleed and men may burn,
On London town and all its hoard golden
I keep my ~~solemn~~ watch and ward silent
(hands raised)
(point up)
rack x c (bus)

CHORUS. The screw may twist, &c.

(change places)
Within its wall of rock
The flower of the brave
Have perished with a constancy unshaken.
From the dungeon to the block,

Sergt Phoebe

(3) Leonard Meryll





From the scaffold to the grave,
Is a journey many gallant hearts have taken.
And the wicked flames may hiss
Round the heroes who have fought
For conscience and for home in all its beauty;
But the ~~grim~~ stern old fortalice
Takes little heed of aught
That comes not in the measure of its duty.
"The screw may twist and the rack may turn,
And men may bleed and men may burn,
~~On~~ O'er London town and ~~all~~ its golden hoard
It keeps its silent watch and ward!"

Dance C. L 2 E —— [*Exeunt all but* PHŒBE *and* SERGEANT MERYLL. Enter Sergt. L U E

PHŒ. Father! ~~No~~ Nay, no reprieve ~~for~~ arrived the poor gentleman?

MER. No, my lass; but there's one hope yet. Thy brother Leonard, who, as a reward for his valour in saving his standard and cutting his way through fifty foes who would have hanged him, has been appointed a Yeoman of the Guard, will arrive this morning; and as he comes straight from Windsor, where the Court is, it may be—it *may* be—that he will bring the expected reprieve with him.

PHŒ. Oh, that he may!

MER. Amen! to that For the Colonel twice saved my life, and I'd give the rest of my life to save his! ~~And~~ But wilt thou not be glad to welcome thy brave brother, with the fame of whose exploits all England is a-ringing?

PHŒ. Aye, truly, if he brings the reprieve.

MER. And not otherwise?

PHŒ. Well, he's a brave fellow indeed, and I love brave men

MER. *All* brave men?

PHŒ. Most of them, I verily believe! But I hope Leonard will not be too strict with me—they say he is a very dragon of virtue and circumspection! Now, my dear old father is kindness itself, and— Embraces him

MER. And leaves thee pretty well to thine own ways, eh? Well, I've no fears for thee; thou hast a feather-brain, but thou'rt a good lass.

PHŒ. Yes, that's all very true, but if Leonard is going to tell me that I may not do this and I may not do that, and I must not ~~talk~~ walk to this one, or ~~walk~~ talk with that one, but go through the world with my lips pursed up and my eyes cast down, like a poor nun who has renounced mankind—why, as I have *not* renounced mankind, and don't mean to renounce mankind, I won't have it —there! Leonard will

MER. Nay, ~~he'll~~ not check thee more than is good for thee, ~~Phœbe!~~ He's a brave fellow & bravest among brave fellows & yet it seems but yesterday that he cutted the sentinels orchard

Leon Sergt

Sergt Leon Phoebe

Sergt Leon Phoebe

Sergt Phoebe

# Leon Phoe Sergt

Leon Phoe Sergt



(4) Fairfax Lieutenant Guard



*Enter* LEONARD MERYLL. R 2 E

LEON. Father!

MER. Leonard! my brave boy! I'm right glad to see thee, and so is Phœbe!

PHŒ. Aye—but hast thou brought Colonel Fairfax's reprieve?

LEON. Nay, I have here a despatch for the Lieutenant, but no reprieve for the Colonel!

PHŒ. Poor gentleman! poor gentleman!

LEON. Aye, I would I had brought better news. I'd give my right hand—nay, my body—my life, to save his! taking his hand

MER. Dost thou speak in earnest, my lad?

LEON. Aye—Father I'm no braggart. Did he not save thy life? and am I not his foster-brother?

MER. Then hearken to me. Thou hast come to join the Yeomen of the Guard.

LEON. Well!

MER. None has seen thee but ourselves?

LEON. And a sentry, who took but scant notice of me.

MER. Now to prove thy words. Give me the despatch, and get thee hence at once! Here is money, and I'll send thee more. Lie hidden for a space, and let no one know. I'll convey a suit of yeoman's uniform to the Colonel's cell—he shall shave off his beard so that none shall know him, and I'll own him as my son, the brave Leonard Meryll, who saved his flag and cut his way through fifty foes who thirsted for his life. He will be welcomed without question by my brother-yeoman, I'll warrant that. Now, how to get access to his cell? (*to* PHŒBE). The key is with thy sour-faced admirer, Wilfred Shadbolt. Leon turns up going to Phoebe L

PHŒ. (*demurely*). I think—I say, I *think*—I can get anything I want from Wilfred. I think—I say, I *think*—you may leave that to me

MER. Then get thee hence at once, lad—and bless thee for this sacrifice. to Leon turns up + comes down L

PHŒ. And take my blessing too, dear, dear Leonard! # meeting him

LEON. And thine, eh? Humph! Thy love is new-born wrap it up carefully lest it take cold and die. (shakes hands)

TRIO.—LEONARD, PHŒBE, MERYLL.

PHŒ. Alas! I waver to and fro—
Dark danger hangs upon the deed!

ALL. Dark danger hangs upon the deed!

Leon Phoebe Serg^t

# Leon Serg^t Phoebe

Serg^t Phoebe

Soldiers

Serg^t Phoebe Fair Lieut

BRITISH MUSEUM



**Leon.** The scheme is rash and well may fail;
But ours are not the hearts that quail—
The hands that shrink—the cheeks that pale
In hours of need!

**All.** No, ours are not the hearts that quail,
The hands that shrink, the cheeks that pale
In hours of need!

**Mer.** The air I breathe to him I owe:
My life is his—I count it naught!
all. That life is his—so count it naught!

Mer **Leon.** And shall I reckon risks I run
When services are to be done
To save the life of such an one?
Unworthy thought!

Phoe & Leon. ~~Ath.~~ And shall we reckon risks we run
To save the life of such an one?
Unworthy thought!

All. ~~Peck.~~ We may succeed—who can foretell—
May heaven help our hope—farewell!

**All.** We may succeed—who can foretell?
May heaven help our hope—farewell!

# **Leonard** *embraces* **Meryll** *and* **Phœbe**, *and then exit.*
**Phœbe** *weeping.*

looks R **Mer.** Nay, lass, be of good cheer, we may save him yet.

**Phœ.** Oh! see, father—they bring the poor gentleman from the Beauchamp! Oh, father! his hour is not yet come?

men appear R. **Mer.** No, no,—they lead him to the Cold Harbour Tower to
going R. await his end in solitude. But softly—the Lieutenant ap-
proaches! He should not see thee weep. both retire up.

[*Enter* **Fairfax**, R 2 E *guarded.* *The* **Lieutenant** *enters*, 2 E *meeting him.*

**Lieut.** Halt! Colonel Fairfax, my old friend, we meet but sadly.

comes forward soldiers fall back **Fair.** Sir, I greet you with all good-will; and I thank you for shakes hands
the zealous care with which you have guarded me from the pestilent dangers which threaten human life outside. In this happy little community, Death, when he comes, doth so in punctual and business-like fashion; and, like a courtly gentleman, giveth due notice of his advent, that one may not be taken unawares.

**Lieut.** Sir, you bear this bravely, as a brave man should.

**Fair.** Why, sir, it is no light boon to die swiftly and surely at a given hour and in a given fashion! Truth to tell, I would gladly have my life; but if that may not be, I have the next best thing to it, which is death. Believe me, sir, my lot is not so much amiss!

Sergt Phœ Fair Lieut

Fairfax

Fair Lieut



PHŒ. (*aside* MERYLL.) Oh, father, father, I cannot bear it!

MER. My poor lass!

R. FAIR. Nay, pretty one, why weepest thou? Come, be comforted. Takes her Such a life as mine is not worth weeping for. (*sees* MERYLL.) Sergeant Meryll, is it not? (*to* LIEUT.) May I greet my old friend? (*shakes* MERYLL'S *hand.*) Why, man, what's all this? Thou and I have faced the grim old king a dozen times, and never has his majesty come to me in such goodly fashion. Keep a stout heart, good fellow—we are soldiers, and we know how to die, thou and I. Take my word for it, it is easier to die well than to live well—for, in sooth, I have tried both.

Lieut. nod assent

BALLAD.—FAIRFAX. Lieut. sits L

Is life a boon?
If so, it must befal
That Death, whene'er he call,
Must call too soon.
Though fourscore years he give,
Yet one would pray to live
Another moon!
What kind of plaint have I,
Who perish in July?
I might have had to die,
Perchance, in June!
Is life a thorn?
Then count it not a whit!
Man is well done with it;
Soon as he's born
He should all means essay
To put the plague away;
And I, war-worn,
Poor captured fugitive,
My life most gladly give—
I might have had to live
Another morn!

Lieut gets up R I E

[*At the end,* PHŒBE *is led off, weeping, by* MERYLL.

Looking off R Poor child FAIR. And now, Sir Richard, I have a boon to beg. I am in this strait for no better reason than because my kinsman, Sir Clarence Poltwhistle, ~~one of the Secretaries of State~~, has charged me with sorcery, in order that he may succeed to my estate, which devolves to him provided I die unmarried.

LIEUT. As thou wilt most surely do.

FAIR. Nay, as I will most surely *not* do, by your worship's grace! I have a mind to thwart this good cousin of mine.

LIEUT. How?

Fair × Lieut × seated

Point & Elsie change sides through chorus and finish in same positions as they enter

Point × Elsie o



FAIR. By marrying forthwith, to be sure!

Lieut rise

LIEUT. But heaven ha' mercy, whom wouldst thou marry?

FAIR. Nay, I am indifferent on that score. Coming Death hath made of me a true and chivalrous knight, who holds all omankind in such esteem that the oldest, and the meanest, and the worst-favoured of them is good enough for him. So, my good Lieutenant, if thou wouldst serve a poor soldier who has but an hour to live, find me the first that comes—my confessor shall marry us, and her dower shall be my dishonoured name and a hundred crowns to boot. No such poor dower for an hour of matrimony! takes stage R taking his hand

LIEUT. A strange request! I doubt that I should be warranted in granting it.

FAIR. Tut tut! There never was a marriage fraught with so little of evil to the contracting parties. In an hour she'll be a widow, and I—a bachelor again for aught I know!

gets up

LIEUT. Well, I will see what can be done, for I hold thy kinsman in abhorrence for the scurvy trick he has played thee.

shakes hands

FAIR. A thousand thanks, good sir; we meet again on this spot in an hour or so. I shall be a bridegroom then, and your worship will wish me joy. Till then, farewell. (*To guard*)—I am ready, good fellows.

(*Exit with Guard into Cold Harbour Tower.*) L 2 E

LIEUT. He is a brave fellow, and it is a pity that he should die. Now, how to find him a ~~bride~~ wife at such short notice? Well the task should be easy! [*Exit.* R 1 E

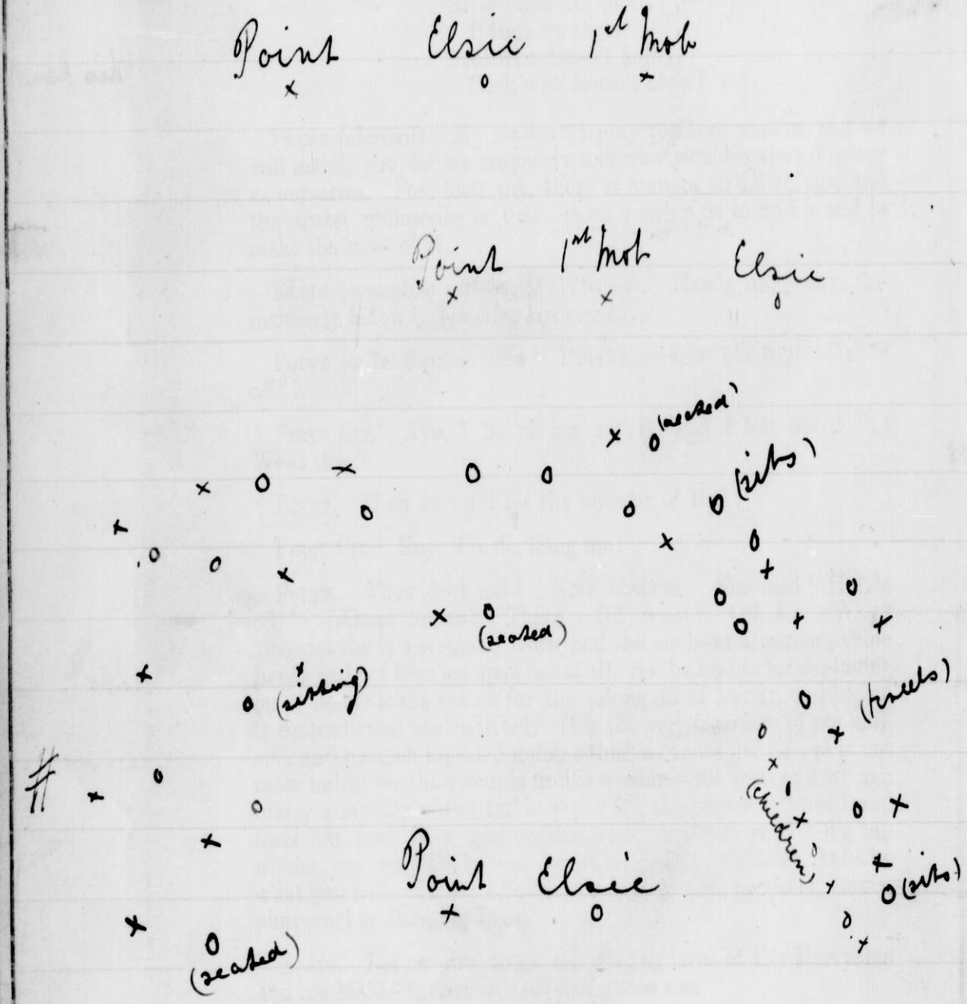
R2 E *Enter* JACK POINT *and* ELSIE MAYNARD, *pursued by a crowd of men and women.* POINT *and* ELSIE *are much terrified;* POINT, *however, assuming an appearance of self possession.*

CHORUS.

Here's a man of jollity,
Jibe, joke, jollify!
Give us of your quality,
Come fool, follify!

If you vapour vapidly,
River runneth rapidly,
Into it we fling
Bird who doesn't sing!

Give us an experiment
In the art of merriment;
Into it we throw
Cock who doesn't crow!








Banish your timidity,
And with all rapidity
Give us quip and quiddity—
Willy-nilly, O!

River none can mollify;—
Into it we throw
Fool who doesn't follify,
Cock who doesn't crow!

POINT (*alarmed*). My masters, I pray you bear with us, and we will satisfy you, for we are merry folk who would make all merry as ourselves. For, look you, there is humour in all things, and the truest philosophy is that which teaches us to find it and to make the most of it.

ELSIE (*struggling with one of the crowd*). Hands off, I say, unmannerly fellow! (*pushing him away.*)

POINT (*to 1st Citizen*). Ha! Didst thou hear her say, "Hands off"?

FIRST CIT. Aye, I heard her say it, and I felt her do it! All laugh What then?

POINT. Thou dost not see the humour of that?

FIRST CIT. Nay, if I do, hang me! All agree

POINT. Thou dost not? Now observe. She said "Hands off!" Whose hands? Thine. Off ~~what~~ whom? Off *her*. Why? Because she is a woman. Now had she *not* been a woman, thine hands had not been set upon her at all. So the reason for the laying on of hands is the reason for the taking off of hands, and herein is contradiction contradicted! It is the very marriage of *pro* with *con*; and no such lopsided union either, as times go, for *pro* is not more unlike *con* than man is unlike woman—yet men and women marry every day with none to say, "Oh, the pity of it" but I and fools like me! Now wherewithal shall we please you? We can rhyme you couplet, triolet, quatrain, sonnet, rondolet, ballade, what you will. Or we can dance you saraband, gondolet, carole, pimpernel or Jumping Joan.

All laugh — assent — join hands of — nearest two — 1st Mob goes up — all laugh

ELSIE. Let us give them the singing farce of the Merryman and his Maid—therein is song and dance too.

ALL. Aye, the Merryman and his Maid!

Groups

DUET.—POINT *and* ELSIE.

POINT. I have a song to sing, O!
ELSIE. Sing me your song, O!

{Dance through sym. Elsie turns round then join hands}

Point Elsie
x o

Point Elsie
x o

Point Elsie
x o

Encore X.

Point Elsie
x o





**Point.** It is sung to the moon
By a love-lorn loon,
Who fled from the mocking throng, O!
It's the song of a merryman, moping mum,
Whose soul was sad, and whose glance was glum,
Who sipped no sup, and who craved no crumb,
As he sighed for the love of a ladye.
Heighdy! heighdy!
Misery me, lackadaydee! Elsie dances
He sipped no sip, and he craved no crumb,
As he sighed for the love of a ladye

**Elsie.** I have a song to sing, O!

**Point.** Sing me your song, O? 4 steps R

**Elsie.** It is sung with the ring
Of the songs maids sing
Who love with a love life-long, O!
It's the song of a merrymaid, peerly proud!
Who loved a lord, and who laughed aloud
At the moan of the merryman, moping mum,
Whose soul was sore, whose glance was glum,
Who sipped no sup, and who craved no crumb,
As he sighed for the love of a ladye!
Heighdy! heighdy!
Misery me, lackadaydee!
He sipped no sup, &c.

Point affects grief

Point goes round R & dances in a grotesque manner.

Chorus move fingers

**Point.** X. I have a song to sing, O!

**Elsie.** Sing me your song, O! 4 steps R

**Point.** It is sung to the knell
Of a churchyard bell,
And a doleful dirge, ding dong, O!
It's a song of a popinjay, bravely born,
Who turned up his noble nose with scorn
At the humble merrymaid, peerly proud,
Who loved that lord, and who laughed aloud
At the moan of the merryman, moping mum,
Whose soul was sad, whose glance was glum,
Who sipped no sup, and who craved no crumb,
As he sighed for the love of a ladye!
Heighdy! heighdy!
Misery me, lackadaydee!
He sipped no sup, &c

Elsie dances round

~~Both.~~ Chorus move heads

(Two steps forward Point)

~~Elsie.~~ I have a song to sing, O!

**Point.** What is ~~Sing me~~ your song, O!

**Elsie.** It is sung with a sigh
And a tear in the eye,
For it tells of a righted wrong, O!

Point Elsie
× o

Dance {Jeh round one another through chorus then join hands + fill out time + change sides

2nd mob Elsie Point 1st mob
× o – ×

Elsie 2nd mob Point
o × ×

Soldiers clear the stage with guns horizontally

Elsie Lieut Point
o × ×

{Small boy who remains behind is pushed off by point.}





It's a song of a merrymaid, once so gay,
Who turned on her heel and tripped away
From the peacock popinjay, bravely born,
Who turned up his noble nose with scorn
At the humble heart that he did not prize:
So she begged on her knees, with downcast eyes,
For the love of the merryman, moping mum,
Whose soul was sad and whose glance was glum,
Who sipped no sup, and who craved no crumb,
As he sighed for the love of a ladye!

kneels
Point stops at Elsie's side
n touches her

**Both.** Heighdy! heighdy!
Misery me, lackadaydee!
His pains were o'er, and he sighed no more,
For he lived in the love of a ladye!

Chorus move heads + fingers

Elsie ↑ Point collect money

**1st Cit.** Well sung and well danced!

**2nd Cit.** A kiss for that, pretty maid!

**All.** Aye, a kiss all round.

**Elsie** (*drawing dagger*). Best beware! I am armed! pause + fall back

**Point.** Back, sirs—back! This is going too far.

Coming forward **2nd Cit.** Thou dost not see the humour of it, eh? Yet there is humour in all things—even in this. (*Trying to kiss her.*) all come forward

**Elsie.** Help! help! all fall back respectfully as first enters

R 2 E *Enter* **Lieutenant** *with guard. Crowd falls back.*

**Lieut.** What is this pother?

**Elsie.** Sir, I sang to these folk, and they would have repaid me with gross courtesy, but for your honour's coming.

**Lieut.** (*to* **Mob**). Away with ye! Clear the rabble. (*Guards push crowd off, and go off with them.*) Now, my girl, who are you, and what do you here?

R + L

curtsey

**Elsie.** May it please you, sir, we are two strolling players, Jack Point and I, Elsie Maynard, at your worship's service. We go from fair to fair, singing, and dancing, and playing brief interludes; and so we make a poor living.

**Lieut.** You two, eh? Are ye man and wife?

**Point.** No, sir; for though I'm a fool, there is a limit to my folly. Her mother, old Bridget Maynard, travels with us (for Elsie is a good girl), but the old woman is a-bed with fever, and we have come here to pick up some silver, to buy an electuary for her.

**Lieut.** Hark ye, my girl! Your mother is ill?

**Elsie.** Sorely ill, sir.

**Lieut.** And needs good food, and many things that thou canst not buy?

Elsie shudders

Elsie Lieut Point

Elsie Lieut Point



ELSIE. Alas! sir, it is too true.

LIEUT. Wouldst thou earn a hundred crowns?

ELSIE. An hundred crowns! They might save her life!

LIEUT. Then listen! A worthy, but unhappy gentleman is to be beheaded in an hour on this very spot. For sufficient reasons, he desires to marry before he dies, and he hath asked me to find him a wife. Wilt thou be that wife?

ELSIE. The wife of a man I have never seen!

POINT. Why, sir, look you, I am concerned in this; for though I am not yet wedded to Elsie Maynard, time works wonders, and there's no knowing what may be in store for us. Have we your worship's word for it that this gentleman will die to-day?

LIEUT. Nothing is more certain, I grieve to say.

POINT. And that the maiden will be allowed to depart the very instant the ceremony is at an end?

LIEUT. The very instant. I pledge my honour that it shall be so.

POINT. An hundred crowns?

LIEUT. An hundred crowns!

POINT. Well For my part, I consent. It is for Elsie to speak.

TRIO.—ELSIE, POINT, LIEUT.

LIEUT. How say you, maiden, will you wed
A man about to lose his head?
For half an hour
You'll be a wife,
And then the dower
Is yours for life.
A headless bridegroom why refuse?
If truth the poets tell,
Most bridegrooms, ere they marry, lose
Both head and heart as well!

ELSIE. A strange proposal you reveal,
It almost makes my senses reel.
Alas! I'm very poor indeed,
And such a sum I sorely need.
My mother, sir, is like to die,
This money life may bring,
Bear this in mind, I pray, if I
Consent to do this thing!

Point Lieut

Point Elsie Lieut Wilfred

(Wipes wipes Elsie's hand)

Point Lieut

Point

Lieut (seated)





coming C. **Point.** Though as a general rule of life
I don't allow my promised wife,
My lovely bride that is to be,
To marry anyone but me,
Yet if the fee is promptly paid,
And he, in well earned grave,
Within the hour is duly laid,
Objection I will waive!
Yes, objection I will waive!

**All.** Temptation, oh temptation,
Were we, I pray, intended
To shun, whate'er our station,
Your fascinations splendid;
Or fall, whene'er we view you,
Head over heels into you!
Temptation, oh temptation, &c.

*During this, the* LIEUTENANT *has whispered to* WILFRED *(who has entered).* WILFRED *binds* ELSIE'S *eyes with a kerchief, and leads her into the Cold Harbour Tower.* L 2 E

& gives him a handkerchief

**Lieut.** And so, good fellow, you are a jester?

**Point.** Aye, sir, and, like some of my jests, out of place.

**Lieut.** I have a vacancy for such an one. Tell me, what are your qualifications for such a post?

**Point.** Marry, sir, I have a pretty wit. I can rhyme you extempore; I can convulse you with quip and conundrum; I have the lighter philosophies at my tongue's tip; I can be merry, wise, quaint, grim, and sardonic, one by one, or all at once; I have a pretty turn for anecdote; I know all the jests—ancient and modern—past, present, and to come; I can riddle you from dawn of day to set of sun, and, if that content you not, well on to midnight and the small hours. Oh, sir, a pretty wit, I warrant you—a pretty, pretty wit!

Lieut sits

RECIT AND SONG.—POINT.

turn R + point
turn L do:
dance

I've jest and joke
And quip and crank,
For lowly folk
And men of rank.
I ply my craft
And know no fear,
I aim my shaft
At prince or peer.
At peer or prince—at prince or peer,
I aim my shaft and know no fear'

waggleshead

Point Lieut.

(6)
Phoebe
Sergt. Meryll
Wilfred





I've wisdom from the East and from the West,
That's subject to no academic rule;
You may find it in the jeering of a jest,
Or distil it from the folly of a fool.
I can teach you with a ~~quip~~, if I've a mind; quirk
I can trick you into learning with a laugh;
Oh winnow all my folly, and you'll find
A grain or two of truth among the chaff!

I can set a braggart quailing with a quip,
The upstart I can wither with a whim;
He may wear a merry laugh upon his lip,
But his laughter has an echo that is grim!
When they're offered to the world in merry guise,
Unpleasant truths are swallowed with a will—
For he who'd make his fellow creatures wise
Should always gild the philosophic pill!

LIEUT. And how came you to leave your last employ? (getting up)

POINT. Why sir, it was in this wise. My Lord was the Archbishop of Canterbury, and it was considered that one of my jokes was unsuited to His Grace's family circle. In truth I ventured to ask a poor riddle, sir—Wherein lay the difference between His Grace and poor Jack Point? His Grace was pleased to give it up sir. And thereupon I told him that whereas His Grace was paid £10,000 a year for being good, poor Jack Point was good—for nothing. 'Twas but a harmless jest, but it offended His Grace, who whipped me and set me in the stocks for a scurril rogue, and so we parted. I had as lief not take post again with the dignified clergy.

LIEUT. But I trust you are very careful not to give offence. I have daughters.

POINT. Sir, my jests are most carefully selected, and ~~anything~~ everything objectionable is expunged. If your honour pleases, I will try them first on your honour's chaplain. (Lieut laughs)

LIEUT. Can you give me an example? Say that I had just sat me down hurriedly on something sharp? (sits)

POINT. Sir, I should say that you had sat down on the spur of the moment.

LIEUT. Humph. I don't think much of that. Is that the best you can do?

POINT. It has always been much admired, sir, but we will try again.

LIEUT. Well then, I am at dinner, and the joint of meat is but half cooked.

POINT. Why then, sir, I should say—that what is *under*done cannot be helped.

Point Lieut

Wilfred brings Elsie in blindfolded & takes off handkerchief & exit L

Elsie

Point. Oh! that's allright.





LIEUT. I see. I think that manner of thing would be somewhat irritating.

POINT. At first, sir, perhaps; but use is everything, and you would come ~~in time~~ to like it in time.

R LIEUT. We will suppose that I caught you kissing the kitchen wench under my very nose. getting up

POINT. Under *her* very nose, good sir—not under yours! *That* is where *I* would kiss her. Do you take me? Oh, sir, a pretty wit—a pretty, pretty wit!

looking L LIEUT. The maiden comes. Follow me, friend, and we will discuss this matter at length in my library. going L

POINT. I am your worship's servant. That is to say, I trust I soon shall be. But, before proceeding to a more serious topic, can you tell me, sir, why a cook's brain-pan is like an overwound clock?

LIEUT. A truce to this fooling—follow me.

POINT. Just my luck; my best conundrum wasted!

[*Exeunt.* L1E

L2E

*Enter* ELSIE *from Tower, followed by* WILFRED, *who removes the bandage from her eyes.*

RECITATIVE AND BALLAD.—ELSIE.

seated

'Tis done! I am a bride! Oh, little ring,
That bearest in thy circlet all the gladness
That lovers hope for, and that poets sing,
What bringest thou to me but gold and sadness?
A bridegroom all unknown, save in this wise,
To-day he dies! To-day, alas, he dies!

gets up

Though tear and long-drawn sigh
Ill fit a bride,
No sadder wife than I
The whole world wide!
Ah me! Ah me!
Yet maids there be
Who would consent to lose
The very rose of youth,
The flower of life,
To be, in honest truth,
A wedded wife,
No matter whose!

# Keys & Thumbscrew. Wilfred

Wilfred - Now what could he have wanted with her - that's what puzzles me!

Phoebe Wilfred

Wilf Phoe

Wilf Phoe Sergt

BRITISH MUSEUM



Ere half an hour has rung,
A widow I!
Ah heaven, he is too young,
Too brave to die!
Ah me! Ah me!
Yet wives there be
So weary worn, I trow,
That they would scarce complain,
So that they could
In half an hour attain
To widowhood,
No matter how!

[*Exit* ELSIE R2E *as* WILFRED *comes down.* L2E

WIL. (*looking after* ELSIE.) 'Tis an odd freak, for a dying man and his confessor to be closeted alone with a strange singing girl. I would fain have espied them, but they stopped up the keyhole. *My* keyhole!

*Enter* PHŒBE *with* MERYLL, *who carries a bundle.* MERYLL *remains in the background, unobserved by* WILFRED.

PHŒ. (*aside.*) Wilfred—and alone! on terrace Now to get the keys from him. (*aloud.*) Wilfred—has no reprieve arrived? {Chopping action}

WIL. None. Thine adored Fairfax is to die.

PHŒ. Nay, thou knowest that I have naught but pity for the poor condemned gentleman.

WIL. I know that he who is about to die is more to thee than I, who am alive and well. X R

PHŒ. ~~Why~~ Nay, that were out of reason, dear Wilfred. Do they not say that a live ass is better than a dead lion? No, I don't mean that! {going for keys Wilf. Eh!}

WIL. They say that, do they? Claiming do

PHŒ. It's unpardonably rude of them, but I believe they put it in that way. Not that it applies to thee, who art clever beyond all telling! (going for keys again)

WIL. Oh, yes; as an assistant tormentor.

PHŒ. As a wit, as a humorist, as a most philosophic commentator on the vanity of human resolution.

(PHŒBE *slyly takes bunch of keys from* WILFRED'S *waistband, and hands them to* MERYLL, *who enters the Tower, unnoticed by* WILFRED.)

WIL. Truly, I have seen great resolution give way under my persuasive methods (*working a small thumbscrew*). In the nice regulation of a screw—in the hundredth part of a single revo-

Phoebe gets the keys from Wilfred & passes them to Meryll who exits L 2 E

Wilf. Phoe

× I will go & see —

Wilf Phoe

seated by post





Wilf. starts (takes keys)

lution lieth all the difference between stony reticence and a torrent of impulsive unbosoming that the pen can scarcely follow. Ha! ha! I am a mad wag.

PHŒ. (*with a grimace.*) Thou art a most light-hearted and delightful companion, Master Wilfred. Thine anecdotes of the torture-chamber are the prettiest hearing.

WIL. I'm a pleasant fellow an I choose. I believe I am the merriest dog that barks. Ah, we might be passing happy together—thou & I. (touches her shoulder coyly)

PHŒ. Perhaps. I do not know.

Phoe gets away Castle

WIL. For thou wouldst make a most tender and loving wife. (arm round her w. left)

PHŒ. Aye, to one whom I really loved. For there is a wealth of love within this little heart—saving up for—I wonder whom? (Wil. he! he!) Now, of all the world of men, I wonder whom? To think that he whom I am to wed is now alive and somewhere! Perhaps far away, perhaps close at hand! And I know him not! It seemeth that I am wasting time in not knowing him. (Wil. No! No! Ah!) (Wil. Buddeigh) going ×

WIL. Now say that it is I—nay I suppose it for the nonce. Say that we are wed—suppose it only—say that thou art my very bride, and I thy cheery, joyous, bright, frolicsome husband—and that the day's work being done, and the prisoners stored away for the night, thou and I are alone together—with a long long evening before us!

Phoe gets away

PHŒ. (*with a grimace*). It is a pretty picture—but I scarcely know. It cometh so unexpectedly—and yet—and yet—*were* I thy bride— (Wil: and yet & yet)

WIL. Aye!—wert thou my bride—?

PHŒ. Oh, how I would love thee! (Wilfred sits by Post C.)

BALLAD.—PHŒBE.

Were I thy bride,
Then all the ~~whole~~ world beside
Were not too wide
To hold my wealth of love—
Phoebe kneels Were I thy bride!

Upon thy breast
My loving head would rest,
(Phoe. sits with her head on his breast) As on her nest
The tender turtle dove—
Were I thy bride!

Embraces her

This heart of mine
Would be one heart with thine,
And in that shrine
Our happiness would dwell—
Were I thy bride!

Halbert for Sergt L

Wilfred Phoebe

Wilfred

Sergt



And all day long
Our lives should be a song: smooth's face
No grief, no wrong
Should make my heart rebel—
Were I thy bride!

X Sergt enters

The silvery flute,
The melancholy lute, tickling
Were night owl's hoot
low To my ~~love~~ whispered coo—
Were I thy bride!

Sergt touches Phoe on the shoulder & returns keys to Phoe stealthily

The skylark's trill Phoe getting up
Were but discordance shrill
To the soft thrill
Of wooing as I'd woo—
Were I thy bride!

X MERYLL *re-enters*; with Halbert *gives keys to* PHŒBE, *who replaces them at* WILFRED'S *girdle, unnoticed by him.*

Phoe puts her R.H. on Wilfred's R shoulder

The rose's sigh both up
Were as a carrion's cry
To lullaby
Such as I'd sing to thee, Phoe puts keys back
Were I thy bride!

A feather's press
Were leaden heaviness
To my caress.
But then, of course, you see
I'm not thy bride!

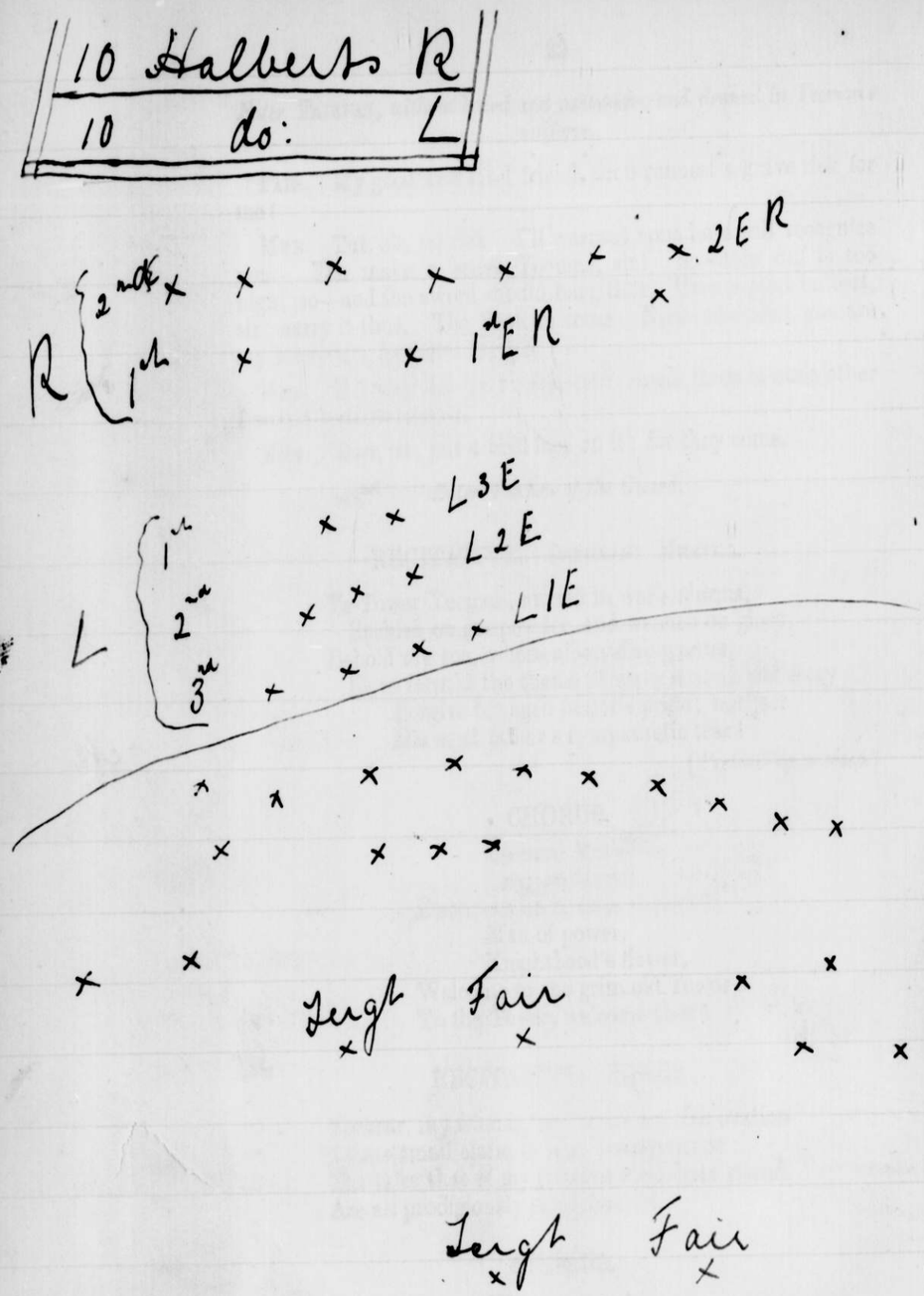
curtsey

(looking after her) [*Exit* PHŒBE. L 1 E

WIL. No, thou'rt not—not yet! But, Lord, how she woo'd! I should be no mean judge of wooing, seeing that I have been more hotly woo'd than most men. I have been woo'd by maid, widow, and wife. I have been woo'd boldly, timidly, tearfully, shyly — by direct assault, by suggestion, by implication, by inference, and by innuendo. But this wooing is not of the common order: it is the wooing of one who must needs woo me, if she die for it! [*Exit* WILFRED. R 1 E

*Enter* MERYLL, *cautiously, from Tower.*

MER. (*looking after them*). The deed is, so far, safely accomplished. The slyboots, how she wheedled him! What a helpless ninny is a love-sick man! He is but as a lute in a woman's hands—she plays upon him whatever tune she will. But the Colonel comes. I' faith he's just in time, for the Yeomen parade here for his execution in two minutes!








L2E

*Enter* FAIRFAX, *without beard and moustache, and dressed in Yeoman's uniform.*

(taking hand) FAIR. My good and kind friend, thou runnest a grave risk for me!

MER. Tut, sir, no risk. I'll warrant none here will recognize you. You make a brave Yeoman, sir! So—this ruff is too high; so—and the sword should hang thus. Here is your halbert, sir; carry it thus. The Yeomen come. Now remember, you are my brave son, Leonard Meryll.

(puts sword right) (puts it right gets it L)

FAIR. Since I may not bear mine own name, there is none other I would bear so readily. X L

MER. Now, sir, put a bold face on it; for they come.

*Enter Yeomen of the Guard.* and group

RECITATIVE.—SERGEANT MERYLL.

Ye Tower Yeomen, nursed in war's alarms,
Suckled on gunpowder, and weaned on glory,
Behold my son, whose all-subduing arms
Have formed the theme of many a song and story
Forgive his aged father's pride; nor jeer
His aged father's sympathetic tear!

Fair comes C back to audience

(*Pretending to weep.*) on Fair's shoulder

CHORUS.

Leonard Meryll!
Leonard Meryll!
Dauntless he in time of peril!
Man of power,
Knighthood's flower,
Welcome to the grim old Tower
To the Tower, welcome thou!

RECITATIVE.—FAIRFAX.

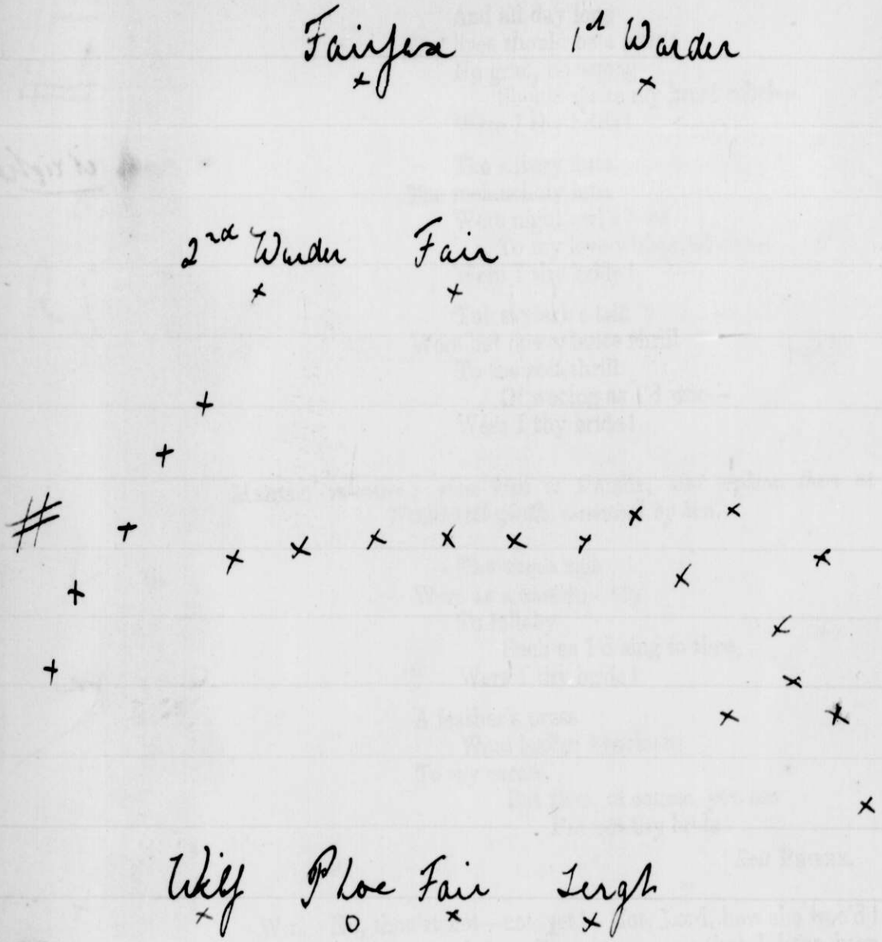
Raise hat + comes R C.

Forbear, my friends, and spare me this ovation
I have small claim to such consideration:
The tales that of my prowess have been stated
Are all prodigiously exaggerated!

Warders dissent

CHORUS.

'Tis ever thus!
Wherever valour true is found,
True modesty will there abound.
'Tis ever thus!
Wherever valour true is found,
True modesty will there abound.








## COUPLETS.

coming forward **1ST YEOMAN.** Didst thou not, oh, Leonard Meryll!
Standard lost in last campaign,
Rescue it at deadly peril—
Bear it bravely back again?

**CHORUS.** Leonard Meryll, at his peril, Sergt + Fairfax
Bore it bravely back again! shakes hands.

coming forward **2ND YEOMAN.** Didst thou not, when prisoner taken,
And debarred from all escape,
Face, with gallant heart unshaken,
Death in most appalling shape? Sergt shakes hands.

**CHORUS.** Leonard Meryll faced his peril,
Death in most appalling shape!

**FAIR.** Truly I was to be pitied,
Having but an hour to live,
I reluctantly submitted,
I had no alternative!
Tales Oh! the ~~facts~~ that ~~have been stated~~ are narrated
Of my deeds of derring-do, makes thrust
Have been much exaggerated,
Very much exaggerated,
Monstrously exaggerated!
Scarce a word of them is true!

Wilfred

R 1 E *Enter* **PHŒBE.** *She rushes to* **FAIRFAX** *and embraces him.* Fairfax gives Halbert to Sergt. All interested

## RECIT.

**PHŒ.** Leonard!

**FAIR.** (*puzzled*). I beg your pardon?

**PHŒ.** Don't you know me?
I'm little Phœbe!

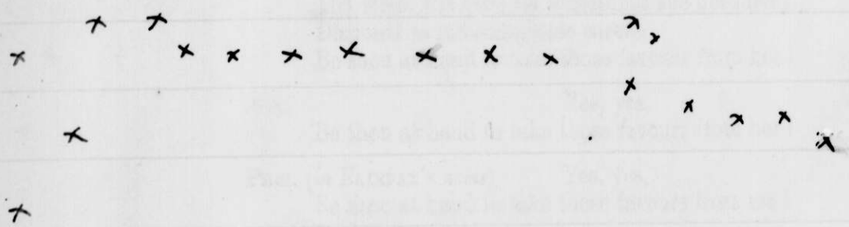
**FAIR.** (*still puzzled*). Phœbe? Is this Phœbe?
What My little Phœbe? (*Aside.*) Who the deuce may *she* be?
It can't be Phœbe, surely?

**WIL.** Yes, 'tis Phœbe—
Thy sister Phœbe! your own little sister!

**ALL.** Aye, he speaks the truth;
'Tis Phœbe!

**FAIR.** (*pretending to recognize her*). Sister Phœbe! Embrace

Wilf Fair Phoe Teugh



Wilf Fair Phoe Teugh

Wilf Fair Phoe Teugh

(8) Everybody for Finale





PHŒ. Oh, my brother! (*Embrace.*)

FAIR. Why, how you've grown! I did not recognize you!

PHŒ. So many years! Oh, my brother! (*Embrace.*) kisses him

FAIR. Oh, my sister! (embrace)

WIL. Aye, hug him, girl! There are three thou mayst hug—
Thy father and thy brother and—myself! Phoe xL to Teugh

X – R FAIR. Thyself, forsooth? And who art thou thyself?

WIL. Good sir, we are betrothed. (FAIRFAX *turns enquiringly to* PHŒBE.)

PHŒ. Or more or less—
But rather less than more!

WIL. To thy fond care
I do commend thy sister. Be to her
An ever-~~watchful~~ wakeful guardian—eagle-eyed!
And when she feels (as sometimes she does feel)
Disposed to indiscriminate caress, Warders chuckle assent
Be thou at hand to take those favours from her!

ALL. Yes, yes,
Be thou at hand to take those favours from her!

PHŒ. (*in* FAIRFAX'S *arms*) Yes, yes,
Be thou at hand to take those favours from me!

TRIO.—WILFRED, FAIRFAX, AND PHŒBE.

WIL. To thy fraternal care
Thy sister I commend;
From every lurking snare
Thy lovely charge defend:
And to achieve this end,
Oh! grant, I pray, this boon—
She shall not quit thy sight:
From morn to afternoon—
From afternoon to night—
From seven o'clock to two—
From two to eventide—
From dim twilight to 'leven at night
She shall not quit thy side! shake hands with Fairfax

ALL. Oh! grant, I pray, this boon, &c. Kisses Phoebe's hand

PHŒ. So amiable I've grown,
So innocent as well,

For entrance for Finale see on page between I & II Acts

Wilf Fair Phoe Serg

Bell ready

Yellow mediums slowly on as Bell begins to toll Floats checked.

Yellow Times everywhere, then Times on Flies

Cp go to Red

Executioner (block)

Fairfax 1st Warder 2nd Warder

assistants Headsman Sergt

Wilf Lieut Elsie Dame C





That if I'm left alone
The consequences fell
No mortal can foretell.
So grant, I pray, this boon—
I shall not quit thy sight:
From morn to afternoon— in Fairfax's arms
From afternoon to night—
From seven o'clock till two—
From two till day is done—
From dim twilight to 'leven at night
All kinds of risk I run! Embrace

ALL. So grant, I pray, this boon, &c,

FAIR. With brotherly readiness,
For my fair sister's sake,
At once I answer "Yes"— to Wilfred
Takes Wilf's hand That task I undertake—
My word I never break.
I freely grant that boon,
And I'll repeat my plight. Embraces Phoebe
Grant nod.
From morn to afternoon— (kiss)
do: From afternoon to night— (kiss) Wilfred shows
do: From seven o'clock to two— (kiss) impatience
do: From two to evening meal— (kiss)
From dim twilight to 'leven at night
do: That compact I will seal. (kiss)

ALL. He freely grants that boon, &c. Phoe Exits RIE

*(The Bell of St. Peters begins to toll. The crowd enters; the block is brought on to the stage, and the headsman takes his place. The Yeomen of the Guard form up,* FAIRFAX *and two others entering the White Tower, to bring the prisoner to execution. The* LIEUTENANT *enters and takes his place, and tells off* FAIRFAX *and two others to bring the prisoner to execution.)*

The crowd enter R & L through symphony
Serg returns Halbert to Fairfax

CHORUS—*(to tolling accompaniment).*

The prisoner comes to meet his doom; Lieut enters
The block, the headsman, and the tomb. 2 men with Block
The funeral bell begins to toll—
May heaven have mercy on his soul! Headsman
Ladies turn away at sight of Axe

Lieut orders Fairfax + 2 men off L 2 E to prisoner
Wilfred follows as Lieut goes off
Ladies on Prompt side watch them off

SOLO.—ELSIE, *with Chorus.*

Oh, Mercy, thou whose smile has shone
So many a captive on;
Of all immured within these walls,
The very worthiest falls!

Wilf Phœ Serg 1st Warder Fairfax 2nd Warder Lieut Elsie Dame C.

Wilf Lieut

Phœ Serg Dame C Elsie Fair



*Enter* FAIRFAX *and two other Yeomen from Tower in great excitement.*

My lord! my lord! I know not how to tell
The news I bear!
I and my comrades sought the prisoner's cell—
He is not there!

ALL. He is not there!
They sought the prisoner's cell—he is not there!

TRIO.—FAIRFAX *and Two Yeomen.*

As escort for the prisoner
We sought his cell, in duty bound;
The double gratings open were,
No prisoner at all we found!
We hunted high, we hunted low,
We hunted here, we hunted there—
The man we sought, as truth will show,
Had vanished into empty air!

ALL. Had vanished into empty air!
The man they sought with anxious care
Had vanished into empty air!

GIRLS. Now, by our troth, the news is fair,
The man hath vanished into air!

ALL. As escort for the prisoner
They sought his cell in duty bound, &c.

LIEUT. Astounding news! The prisoner fled.

(*To* WILFRED) Thy life shall forfeit be instead!

(WILFRED *is arrested.*)

kneels WILFRED. My lord, I did not set him free, Dame C goes R.
I hate the man—my rival he!

(WILFRED *is taken away.*)

comes forward MERYLL. The prisoner gone—I'm all agape!
Who could have helped him to escape?

Wil. my lord I did not set him free Wil. is taken off L 2 E by assistant executioners

PHŒBE. Indeed I can't imagine who!
I've no idea at all—have you?

DAME. Of his escape no traces lurk
Enchantment must have been at work!

ELSIE (*aside to* POINT). What have I done! Oh, woe is me!
I am his wife, and he is free!

Phoe Leigh Dame C. Point Elsie Fair
Lieut

Executioner
(Block)

Elsie Fair
(exits)





**Point.** Oh, woe is *you!* Your anguish sink!
Oh, woe is *me*, I rather think!
Oh, woe is *me*, I rather think!
Yes, woe is *me*, I rather think!
Whate'er betide
You are his bride,
And I am left
Alone—bereft!
Yes, woe is *me*, I rather think
Yes, woe is *me*, I rather think!

Ladies come down from Platform

## ENSEMBLE.

All more about

| Lieutenant. | Elsie. | Point. |
|---|---|---|
| All frenzied with despair I rave,<br>The grave is cheated of its due.<br>Who is the misbegotten knave<br>Who hath contrived this deed to do?<br>Let search be made throughout the land,<br>Or my vindictive anger dread—<br>A thousand marks to him I hand<br>Who brings him here, alive or dead. | All frenzied with despair I rave,<br>My anguish rends my heart in two.<br>Unloved, to him my hand I gave;<br>To him, unloved, bound to be true!<br>Unloved, unknown, unseen—the brand<br>Of infamy upon his head:<br>A bride that's husbandless, I stand<br>To all mankind for ever dead! | All frenzied with despair I rave,<br>My anguish rends my heart in two.<br>Your hand to him you freely gave;<br>It's woe to *me*, not woe to you!<br>My laugh is dead, my heart unmanned,<br>A jester with a soul of lead!<br>A lover loverless I stand,<br>To womankind for ever dead! |

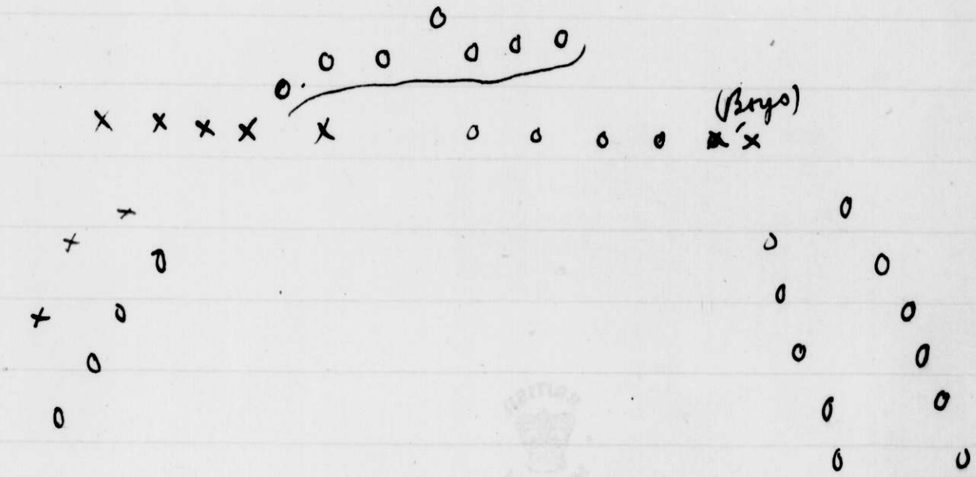
*The others sing the* Lieutenant's *verse, with altered pronouns. At the end,* Elsie *faints in* Fairfax's *arms; all the Yeomen and populace rush off the stage in different directions, to hunt for the fugitive, leaving only the Headsman on the stage, and* Elsie *insensible in* Fairfax's *arms.*

## ACT DROP.

## Entrance for Finale

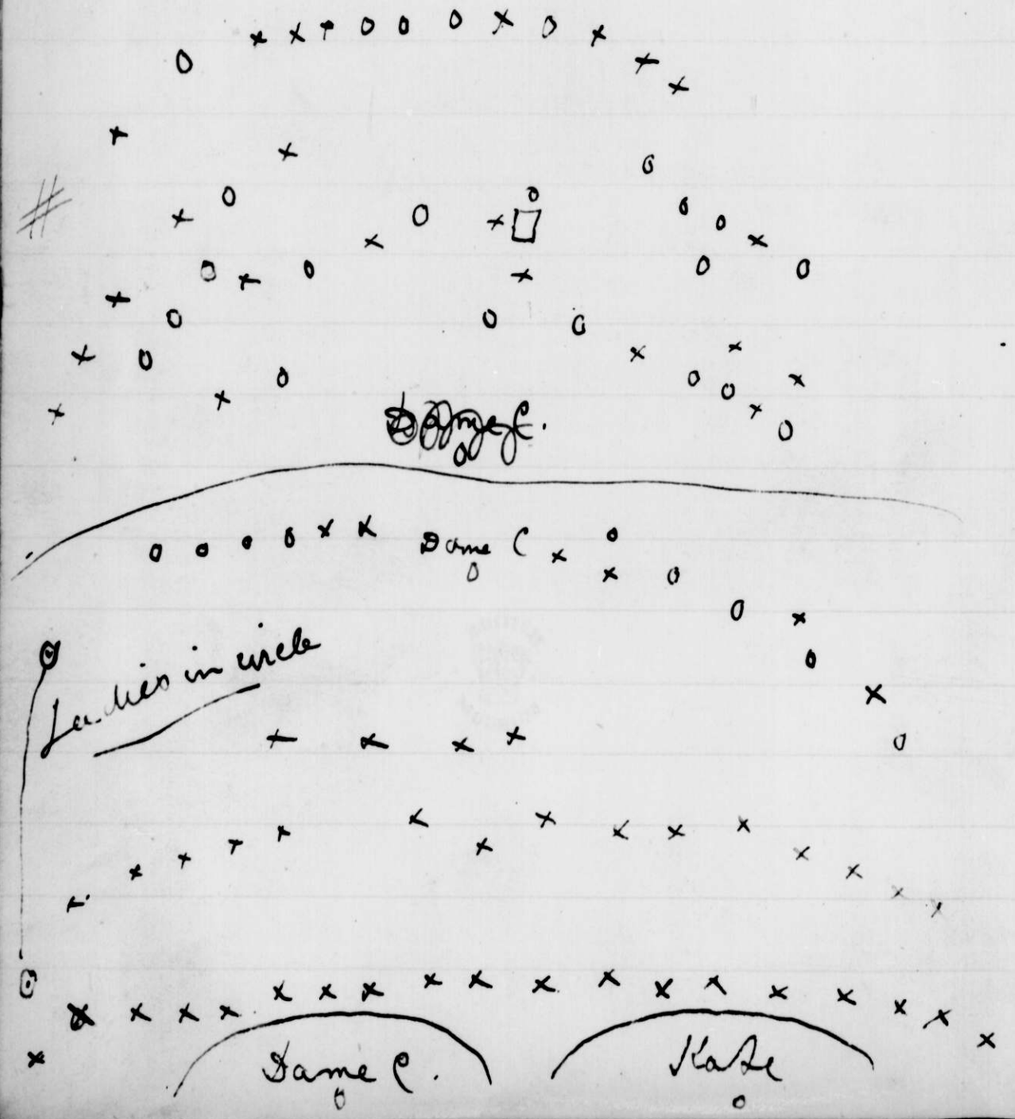
crowd { 1st L + 2 R through 1st 8 bars
Theo: & Sym. { 1st R 3 EL through last 8 bars

Lieut as singing begins
at 6th bar. followed by assistant executioners
11th bar Executioner followed by men at arms &
before Elsie sings Lieut orders 3 men
to fetch prisoner



BRITISH MUSEUM

Lights in Front checked for Overture
Blue Mediums on Battens
Blue Limes Everywhere
Float checked as low as it will go
All Halberts L




(1)
Dame C
Chorus Ladies
+ Warders
Wilfred + Point



Royal Standard to be struck for 2nd Act
All windows to Towers & houses on op side to be lighted



## ACT II.

**Scene.**—*Tower Green by Moonlight. Two days have elapsed.*

*Women and Yeomen of the Guard discovered.* Warders without Halberts

### CHORUS OF WOMEN.

Night has spread her pall once more,
And the prisoner still is free:
Open is his dungeon door,
Useless now his dungeon key!
He has shaken off his yoke—
How, no mortal man can tell!
Shame on loutish jailor-folk—
Shame on sleepy sentinel!

Dame C + Kate enter C

Ladies retire up

**All.** He has shaken off his yoke, &c

### SOLO—Dame Carruthers.

enters with Kate by Terrace

Warders are ye?
Whom do ye ward?
Bolt, bar, and key,
Shackle and cord,
Fetter and chain,
Dungeon of stone,
All are in vain—
Prisoner's flown!
Spite of ye all, he is free—he is free!
Whom do ye ward? Pretty warders are ye!

Ladies forward

Men form two semicircles

### CHORUS OF YEOMEN.

coming forward

Men in two semicircles

Up and down, and in and out,
Here and there, and round about;
Every chamber, every house,
Every chink that holds a mouse,
Every crevice in the keep,
Where a beetle black could creep,
Every outlet, every drain,
Have we searched, but all in vain!

Ladies get back.

all get L
Ladies get R.

Point
× (seated)

Wil
×

Point
×

Wil
× leaning on post

Point
×





YEOMEN.

Warders are we:
Whom do we ward?
Bolt, bar, and key,
Shackle and cord,
Fetter and chain,
Dungeon of stone,
All are in vain.
Prisoner's flown!
Spite of us all, he is free! he is free!
Whom do we ward? Pretty warders are we!

WOMEN.

Warders, are ye?
Whom do ye ward? Ladies Dress R
Bolt, bar and key; Gents " left Stage
Shackle and cord,
Fetter and chain,
Dungeon of stone,
All are in vain.
Prisoner's flown!
Spite of ye all, he is free! he is free!
Whom do ye ward? Pretty warders are ye!

[*Exeunt all.* Ladies R. Gents L

LUE

*Enter* JACK POINT, *in low spirits, reading from a huge volume.*

sits POINT (*reads*). "The Merrie Jestes of Hugh Ambrose. No. 7863. The Poor Wit and the Rich Councillor. A certayne poor wit, being an-hungered, did meet a well-fed councillor. 'Marry, fool,' quoth the councillor, 'whither away?' 'In truth,' ~~said~~ replied the poor wag, 'in that I have eaten naught these two dayes, I do wither away, and that right rapidly!' The councillor laughed hugely, and gave him a sausage." Humph! The councillor was easier to please than my new master the Lieutenant. I would like to take post under that councillor. Ah! 'tis but melancholy mumming when poor heartbroken, jilted Jack Point must needs turn to Hugh Ambrose for original light humour!

gets up

*Enter* WILFRED, *also in low spirits.* R 2 E

WIL. (*sighing*). Ah, Master Point!

POINT (*changing his manner*). Ha! friend jailor! Jailor that wast—jailor that never shalt be more! Jailor that jailed not, or that jailed, if jail he did, so unjailorly that 'twas but jerry-jailing, or jailing in joke—though no joke to him who, by unjailorlike jailing, did so jeopardize his jailorship. Come, take heart, smile, laugh, wink, twinkle, thou tormentor that tormentest none—thou racker that rackest not—thou pincher out of place—come, take heart, and be merry, as I am!—(*aside, dolefully*)—as I am!

sits on post C. WIL. Aye, it's well for thee to laugh. Thou hast a good post, and hast cause to be merry.

POINT (*bitterly*). Cause? Have we not all cause? Is not the world a big butt of humour, into which all who will may drive a gimlet? See, I am a salaried wit; and is there aught in nature more ridiculous? A poor dull, heart-broken man, who must needs be merry, or he will be whipped; who must rejoice, lest he starve; who must jest you, jibe you, quip you, crank you, wrack you, riddle you, from hour to hour, from day to day, from year to

Point Wil





year, lest he dwindle, perish, starve, pine, and die! Why, when there's naught else to laugh at, I laugh at myself till I ache for it! × R

WIL. Yet I have often thought that a jester's calling would suit me to a hair.

POINT. Thee? Would suit *thee*, thou death's head and cross-bones? (laughs)

WIL. Aye, I have a pretty wit—a light, airy, joysome wit, spiced with anecdotes of prison cells and the torture chamber. Oh, a very delicate wit! I have tried it on many a prisoner, and there have been some who smiled. Now it is not easy to make a prisoner smile. And it should not be difficult to be a good jester, seeing that thou art one. × L + ais

POINT. Difficult? Nothing easier. Nothing easier. Attend, and I will prove it to thee!

SONG.—POINT.

1st Verse
Cut

Oh! a private buffoon is a light-hearted loon,
If you listen to popular rumour;
From morning to night he's so joyous and bright,
And he bubbles with wit and good humour!
He's so quaint and so terse, both in prose and in verse,
Yet though people forgive his transgression,
There are one or two rules that all family fools
Must observe, if they love their profession.
There are one or two rules,
Half a dozen, may be,
That all family fools,
Of whatever degree,
Must observe, if they love their profession.

1st V
If you wish to succeed as a jester, you'll need
To consider each person's auricular:
What is all right for B would quite scandalize C
(For C is so very particular);
And D may be dull, and E's very thick skull
Is as empty of brains as a ladle;
While F is F sharp, and will cry with a carp,
That he's known your best joke from his cradle!
When your humour they flout,
You can't let yourself go;
And it *does* put you out
When a person says, "Oh,
I have known that old joke from my cradle!"

2nd V
If your master is surly, from getting up early
(And tempers are short in the morning),
An inopportune joke is enough to provoke
Him, to give you, at once, a month's warning.
Then if you refrain, he is at you again,
For he likes to get value for money.

Wil Point

(2) Fairfax





He'll ask then and there, with an insolent stare,
"If you know that your paid to be funny?"
It adds to the task
Of a merryman's place,
When your principal asks,
With a scowl on his face,
If you know that you're paid to be funny?

3rd V

Comes a Bishop, maybe, or a solemn D.D.—
Oh, beware of his anger provoking!
Better not pull his hair—don't stick pins in his chair:
He don't understand practical joking.
If the jests that you crack have an orthodox smack,
You may get a bland smile from these sages;
But should it, by chance, be imported from France,
Half-a-crown is stopped out of your wages!
It's a general rule,
Though your zeal it may quench,
If the family fool
Tells a joke that's too French,
Half-a-crown is stopped out of his wages!

4th V

Though your head it may rack with a bilious attack,
And your senses with toothache you're losing,
Don't be mopy and flat—they don't fine you for that,
If you're properly quaint and amusing!
Though your wife ran away with a soldier that day,
And took with her your trifle of money;
Bless your heart, they don't mind—they're exceedingly kind—
They don't blame you—as long as you're funny!
It's a comfort to feel
If your partner should flit,
Though *you* suffer a deal,
They don't mind it a bit—
They don't blame you—so long as you're funny (Wil. Aye!)

Bringing Wil down

POINT. And so thou wouldst be a jester, eh? Now, listen! My sweetheart, Elsie Maynard, was secretly wed to this Fairfax half an hour ere he escaped.

WIL. She did well.

POINT. She did nothing of the kind, so hold thy peace and perpend. Now, while he liveth she is dead to me and I to her, and so, my jibes and jokes notwithstanding, I am the saddest and the sorriest dog in England! (turning away hiding his tears)

WIL. Thou art a very dull dog indeed.

POINT. Now, if thou wilt swear that thou didst shoot this Fairfax while he was trying to swim across the river—it needs but the discharge of an arquebus on a dark night—and that he

Wilf Point
× ×

× Point nods & Wilfred imitates him

# Point takes up large volume Wilfred tries to get it but Point puts it on seat & sits on it open

Wilf Point
× ×

For the Encore Point enters on the right of Wilfred.

(3) Merryll Dame C + Kate





sank and was seen no more, I'll make thee the very Archbishop of jesters, and that in two days time! Now, what sayest thou?

WIL. I am to lie?

POINT. Heartily. But thy lie must be a lie of circumstance, which I will support with the testimony of eyes, ears, and tongue.

WIL. And thou wilt qualify me as a jester?

× nod do: do: POINT. As a jester among jesters. I will teach thee all my original songs, my self-constructed riddles, my own ingenious paradoxes; nay, more, I will reveal to thee the source whence I # get them. Now, what sayest thou? sitting L on open Book

WIL. Why, if it be but a lie thou wantest of me, I hold it cheap enough, and I say yes, it is a bargain! Point gets up & shakes hands

DUET.—POINT *and* WILFRED.

BOTH. Hereupon we're both agreed,
And all that we two
Do agree to
We'll secure by solemn deed,
To prevent all
Error mental.

{I / You} on Elsie {am / are} to call
With a story
Grim and gory;
How this Fairfax died, and all
{I / You} declare to
{You're / I'm} to swear to

Tell a tale of cock and bull, turn down
Of convincing detail full turn up
Tale tremendous,
Heaven defend us!
What a tale of cock and bull!

Dance between verses

2 : V In return for {your / my} own part
Encore
{You are / I am} making,
Undertaking,
To instruct {me / you} in the art
(Art amazing,
Wonder raising)
Of a jester, jesting free.
Proud position—
High ambition!

Fairfax
× □ (seated)

Fairfax
×

Fair Mer
× ×





And a lively one { I'll / you'll } be,
Wag-a-wagging, turn as before
Never flagging!
Tell a tale of cock and bull, &c.
[*Exeunt together.* L 1 E

Two days *Enter* FAIRFAX. L U E taking book

FAIR. ~~A day and a half gone~~, and no news of poor Fairfax The dolts! They seek him everywhere save within a dozen yards of his dungeon. So I am free! Free, but for the cursed haste with which I hurried headlong into the bonds of matrimony with—Heaven knows whom! As far as I remember, she should have been young; but even had not her face been concealed by her kerchief, I doubt whether, in my then plight, I should have taken much note of her. Free? Bah! The Tower bonds were but a thread of silk compared with these conjugal fetters which I, fool that I was, placed upon mine own hands. From the one I broke readily enough—how to break the other!

sits L

gets up

comes C.

SONG.—FAIRFAX.

Free from his fetters grim—
Free to depart;
Free both in life and limb—
In all but heart!
Bound to an unknown bride
For good and ill;
Ah, is not one so tied
A prisoner still?

Free, yet in fetters held
Till his last hour,
Gyves that no smith can weld,
No rust devour!
Although a monarch's hand
Had set him free,
Of all the captive band
The saddest he!

*Enter* MERYLL. L 2 E

FAIR. Well, Sergeant Meryll, and how fares thy pretty charge, Elsie Maynard?

MER. Well enough, sir. She is quite strong again, and leaves us to-night.

FAIR. Thanks to Dame Carruthers' kind nursing, eh?

MER. Aye, deuce take the old witch! Ah, 'twas but a sorry trick you played me, sir, to bring the fainting girl to me. It gave the old lady an excuse for taking up her quarters in my house, and for the last two years I've shunned her like the plague. Another

Fair Sergt Dame
× × o

Kate Sergt Dame Fair
o × o × (seated)

Kate Dame Sergt Fair
o o × × (seated)

Kate Dame Fair Sergt
o o × ×



day of it and she would have married me! Good Lord, here she is again! I'll e'en go—(*going*). Fairfax detains Sergt

*Enter* DAME CARRUTHERS *and* KATE, *her niece*. L 2 E

DAME. Nay, Sergt. Meryll, don't go. I have something of grave import to say to thee.

MER. (*aside*). It's coming.

FAIR. (*laughing*). I'faith, I think I'm not wanted here. (*Going*) Sergt detains Fairfax

DAME. Nay, Master Leonard, I've naught to say to thy father that his son may not hear.

FAIR. (*aside*). True. I'm one of the family; I had forgotten! sits L

DAME. 'Tis about this Elsie Maynard. A pretty girl, Master Leonard.

FAIR. Ay, fair as a peach blossom—what then?

DAME. She hath a liking for thee, or I mistake not.

FAIR. With all my heart. She's as dainty a little maid as you'll find in a midsummer day's march.

DAME. Then be warned in time, and give not thy heart to her. Oh, *I* know what it is to give ~~my~~ heart to one who will have none of it! × RC

× L MER. (*aside*). Ay, *she* knows all about that. (*Aloud*) And why is my boy to take heed of her? She's a good girl, Dame Carruthers.

DAME. Good enough, for aught I know. But she's no girl. She's a married woman.

MER. A married woman! Tush, old lady—she's promised to Jack Point, the Lieutenant's new jester.

DAME. Tush in thy teeth, old man! As my niece Kate sat by her bedside to-day, this Elsie slept, and as she slept she moaned and groaned, and turned this way and that way—and, "How shall I marry one I have never seen?" quoth she—then, "A hundred crowns!" quoth she—then, "Is it certain he will die in an hour?" quoth she—then, "I love him not, and yet I am his wife," quoth she! Is it not so, Kate?

KATE. Aye, ~~mother~~ aunt, 'tis even so.

gets up FAIR. Art thou sure of all this?

KATE. Aye, sir, for I wrote it all down on my tablets.

DAME. Now, mark my words: it was of this Fairfax she spake, and he is her husband, or I'll swallow my kirtle!

MERYLL (*aside*). Is this true, sir?

(aside) FAIR. True? Why, the girl was raving! Why should she marry a man who had but an hour to live? going E

DAME. Marry? There be those who would marry but for a minute, rather than die old maids × L

MERYLL (*aside*). Aye, I know one of them!

Kate Fair Dame Serg

Fairfax

Fairfax Elsie



QUARTETTE.—KATE, FAIRFAX, DAME CARRUTHERS, *and* MERYLL.

Strange adventure! Maiden wedded
To a groom she's never seen—
Never, never, never, seen!
Groom about to be beheaded,
In an hour on Tower Green!
Tower, Tower, Tower Green!
Groom in dreary dungeon lying,
Groom as good as dead, or dying,
For a pretty maiden sighing—
Pretty maid of seventeen!
Seven—seven—seventeen!

Strange adventure that we're trolling:
Modest maid and gallant groom—
Gallant, gallant, gallant groom!—
While the funeral bell is tolling,
Tolling, tolling, Bim-a-boom!
Bim-a, Bim-a, Bim-a-boom!
Modest maiden will not tarry;
Though but sixteen year she carry,
She must marry, she must marry,
Though the altar be a tomb—
Tower—Tower—Tower tomb!

Meryll L 2 E [*Exeunt* DAME CARRUTHERS, MERYLL, *and* KATE. R 1 E

FAIR. So my mysterious bride is no other than this winsome Elsie! By my hand, 'tis no such ill-plunge in Fortune's lucky bag! I might have fared worse with my eyes open! But she comes. Now to test her principles. 'Tis not every husband who has a chance of wooing his own wife! looking to

*Enter* ELSIE. L 2 E

FAIR. Mistress Elsie!

ELSIE. Master Leonard!

FAIR. So thou leavest us to-night?

ELSIE. Yes, Master Leonard. I have been kindly tended, and I almost fear I am loth to go.

FAIR. And this Fairfax. Wast thou glad when he escaped?

ELSIE. Why, truly, Master Leonard, it is a sad thing that a young and gallant gentleman should die in the very fulness of his life.

FAIR Then, when thou didst faint in my arms, it was for joy at his safety?

ELSIE. It may be so. I was highly wrought, Master Leonard, and I am but a girl, and so, when I am highly wrought, I faint.

FAIR. Now, dost thou know, I am consumed with a parlous jealousy?

Elsie Fairfax

Fair Elsie

(5) Everybody for the shotting





ELSIE. Thou? And of whom?

FAIR. Why, of this Fairfax, surely!

ELSIE. Of Colonel Fairfax!

FAIR. Aye. Shall I be frank with thee? I will Elsie—I love thee, ardently, passionately! (ELSIE *alarmed and surprised.*) Elsie, I have loved thee these two days—which is a long time—and I would fain join my life to thine!

ELSIE. Master Leonard! Thou art jesting!

FAIR. Jesting? May I shrivel into raisins if I jest! I love thee with a love that is a fever—with a love that is a frenzy—with a love that eateth up my heart! What sayest thou? Thou wilt not let my heart be eaten up?

ELSIE. (*aside.*) Oh, mercy! What am I to say?

FAIR. Dost thou love me, or hast thou been insensible these two days?

ELSIE. I love all brave men.

FAIR. Nay, there is love in excess. I thank heaven, there are many brave men in England; but if thou lovest them all, I withdraw my thanks.

ELSIE. I love the bravest best. But, sir, I may not listen—I am not free—I—I am a wife!

FAIR. Thou a wife? Whose? His name? His hours are numbered—nay, his grave is dug, and his epitaph set up! Come, his name?

ELSIE. Oh, sir! keep my secret—it is the only barrier that Fate could set up between us. My husband is none other than Colonel Fairfax!

FAIR. The greatest villain unhung! The most ill-begotten, ill-favoured, ill-mannered, ill-natured, ill-omened, ill-tempered dog in Christendom!

ELSIE. It is very like. He is naught to me—for I never saw him. I was blindfolded, and he was to have died within the hour; and he did not die—and I am wedded to him, and my heart is broken! Takes stage R

FAIR. He was to have died, and he did *not* die? The scoundrel! The perjured, traitrous villain! Thou shouldst have insisted on his dying first, to make sure. 'Tis the only way with these Fairfaxes.

ELSIE. I now wish I had!

FAIR. (*aside*) Bloodthirsty little maiden! (*aloud*) A fig for this Fairfax! Be mine—he will never know—he dares not show himself; and if he dare, what art thou to him? Fly with me, Elsie—we will be married to-morrow, and thou shalt be the happiest wife in England!

All Halberts L 2 E
Cressets & torches ready L 3 E
Gun with smoke for Wilfred L 1 E

X Shot fired

Elsie Fair Sergt
o x x

Warders enter all from L
Ladies & Civilians all from R
4 Cressets on Terrace
3 Torches on R of Stage

Elsie Fair Lieut Wilf Point Phoe Sergt
o x x x x o x

BRITISH MUSEUM



ELSIE. Master Leonard! I am amazed! Is it thus that brave soldiers speak to poor girls? Oh! for shame, for shame! I am wed--not the less because I love not my husband. I am a wife, sir, and I have a duty, and—oh, sir! thy words terrify me—they are not honest—they are wicked words, and unworthy thy great and brave heart! Oh, shame upon thee! shame upon thee

Elsie x R. FAIR. Nay, Elsie, I did but jest. I spake but to try thee— X Shot

(*Shot heard.*) *Enter* MERYLL, *hastily.*

MER. (*recit.*) Hark! What was that, sir?

FAIR. Why, an arquebus—
Fired from the wharf, unless I much mistake.

MER. Strange—and at such an hour! What can it mean?

[*In the meantime, the Chorus have entered.* Warders L Ladies & civilians R Wilfred has an arquebus with with smoke issuing from muzzle & hands of Choristers to hold

CHORUS.

Now what can that have been—
A shot so late at night,
Enough to cause affright!
What can the portent mean?

Are foemen in the land?
Is London to be wrecked?
What are we to expect?
What danger is at hand?
Yes, let us understand
What danger is at hand!

LIEUTENANT *enters,* R 2 E *also* POINT *and* WILFRED. L 1 E

LIEUT. Who fired that shot? At once the truth declare!

WIL. My lord, 'twas I—to rashly judge forbear!

POINT. My lord, 'twas he—to rashly judge forbear!

DUET AND CHORUS.—WILFRED *and* POINT.

WIL. Like a ghost his vigil keeping—

POINT. Or a spectre all-appalling—

WIL. I beheld a figure creeping—

POINT. I should rather call it crawling—

WIL. He was creeping—

POINT. He was crawling—

WIL. He was creeping, creeping—

POINT. Crawling!

WIL. Not a moment's hesitation—
I myself upon him flung,
With a hurried exclamation
To his draperies I hung;

Wilf Point



Then we closed with one another
In a rough-and-tumble smother;
Colonel Fairfax and no other
Was the man to whom I clung! all astonished hands up

ALL. Colonel Fairfax and no other
Was the man to whom he clung!

WIL. After mighty tug and tussle—

POINT. It resembled more a struggle—

WIL. He, by dint of stronger muscle—

POINT. Or by some infernal juggle—

WIL. From my clutches quickly sliding—

POINT. I should rather call it slipping—

WIL. With the view, no doubt, of hiding—

POINT. Or escaping to the shipping—

WIL. With a gasp, and with a quiver—

POINT. I'd describe it as a shiver—

WIL. Down he dived into the river
And, alas, I cannot swim.

ALL. It's enough to make one shiver,
With a gasp and with a quiver,
Down he dived into the river,
It was very brave of him!

WIL. Ingenuity is catching;
With the view my king of pleasing,
Arquebus from sentry snatching— {takes arquebus from shoulder}

POINT. I should rather call it seizing—

WIL. With an ounce or two of lead
I despatched him through the head!

ALL. He despatched him through the head!

WIL. I discharged it without winking,
Little time he lost in thinking,
Like a stone I saw him sinking—

POINT. I should say a lump of lead.

WIL. Like a stone, my boy, I said—

POINT. Like a heavy lump of lead.

WIL. Anyhow the man is dead.

ALL. Whether stone or lump of lead,
Arquebus from sentry seizing,
With the view his king of pleasing,
Wilfred shot him through the head,
And he's very, very dead.

# Mediums change slowly to Yellow
# Times do — do —
Float up a little.
4 Civilians shoulder Wilfred & bear him off
L1E Point carries arquebus to entrance.

Phoe Fair Point Elsie
o x x o
lying down

Fair Phoe Point Elsie
x o x o



And it matters very little whether stone or lump of lead,
It is very, very certain that he's very, very dead!

Spoken — Point. Like a heavy lump of lead!
Well Stone.

RECIT.—LIEUTENANT.

Comes C The river must be dragged—no time be lost;
The body must be found, at any cost.
To this attend without undue delay;
So set to work with what despatch ye may! [*Exit.* L 1 E

ALL. Yes, yes,
We'll set to work with what despatch we may!

*Four men raise* WILFRED, *and carry him off on their shoulders.*

CHORUS.

#
Hail the valiant fellow who
Did this deed of derring-do!
Honours wait on such an one;
By my head, 'twas bravely done!

R + L [*Exeunt all but* ELSIE, POINT, FAIRFAX, *and* PHŒBE.

POINT (*to* ELSIE, *who is weeping*). Nay, sweetheart, be comforted. This Fairfax was but a pestilent fellow, and, as he had to die, he might as well die thus as any other way. 'Twas a good death.

ELSIE. Still he was my husband, and had he not been, he was nevertheless a living man, and now he is dead; and so, by your leave, my tears may flow unchidden, Master Point.

going C. FAIR. And thou didst see all this?

POINT. Aye, with both eyes at once—this and that. The testimony of one eye is naught—he may lie. But when it is corroborated by the other, it is good evidence that none may gainsay. Here are both present in court, ready to swear to him!

coming C PHŒ. But art thou sure it was Colonel Fairfax? Saw you his face?

Elsie rises POINT. Aye, and a plaguey ill-favoured face too. A very hang-dog face—a felon face—a face to fright the headsman himself, and make him strike awry. Oh, a plaguey bad face, take my word for 't. (PHŒBE *and* FAIRFAX *laugh.*) How they laugh! 'Tis ever thus with simple folk—an accepted wit has but to say, "Pass the mustard," and they roar their ribs out! + turn up

FAIR. (*aside*). If ever I come to life again thou shalt pay for this, Master Point!

Phe Fair

Point Elsie

Phoe Fair Point Elsie
o x x o

✱ Mediums slowly off Times slowly to White Float slowly full up

# Phoe Fair Point Elsie
o x x o

✱ Phoe Fair Point Elsie
o x x o

✱ Fair Phoe Point Elsie
o o x o

△ Phoe Point Fair Elsie
o x x o



POINT. Now, Elsie, thou art free to choose again, so behold me: I am young and well-favoured. ~~I have a pretty wit.~~ I can jest you, jibe you, quip you, rebuke crank you, wrack you, riddle you—

Breaking betw Elsie & Point

FAIR. Tush, man, thou knowest not how to woo. 'Tis not to be done with time-worn jests and thread-bare sophistries; with quips, conundrums, rhymes, and paradoxes. 'Tis an art in itself, and must be studied gravely and conscientiously. × RC thro' cym

Point - What do you mean!

✱ TRIO.—FAIRFAX, ELSIE, *and* PHŒBE.

FAIR. A man who would woo a fair maid,
Should 'prentice himself to the trade;
And study all day,
In methodical way,
How to flatter, cajole and persuade.
He should 'prentice himself at fourteen,
And practice from morning to e'en;
And when he's of age,
If he will, I'll engage,
He may capture the heart of a queen!

Elsie & Phoe meet cet back & dance thro' this

# ALL. It is purely a matter of skill,
Which all may attain if they will:
But every Jack,
He must study the knack
If he wants to make sure of his Jill!

✱ ELSIE. If he's made the best use of his time,
His twig he'll so carefully lime
That every bird
Will come down at his word,
Whatever its plumage and clime.
He must learn that the thrill of a touch
May mean little, or nothing, or much;
It's an instrument rare,
To be handled with care,
And ought to be treated as such.

Fair & Phoe dance up & down stage thro' this.

ALL. It is purely a matter of skill, &c.

Encore △ PHŒ. Then a ~~glance~~ look may be timid or free,
It will vary in mighty degree,
From an impudent stare
To a look of despair
That no maid without pity can see.

Fair & Elsie dance thro' this up stage LC set & once round. set & change sides & kiss elsie's hand

# Phoe Point Elsie Fair
o x o x

Point kisses Phoe & Elsie thro' shake

End of Dance. Phoe Elsie Fair Point
o o x x



And a glance of despair is no guide—
It may have its ridiculous side;
It may draw you a tear
Or a box on the ear;
You can never be sure till you've tried! Elsie & Phoe mutterings as "Jill"

# ALL. It is purely a matter of skill, &c.

Going to Elsie

FAIR. (*aside to* POINT). Now listen to me—'tis done thus—(*aloud*)—Mistress Elsie, there is one here who, as thou knowest, loves thee right well!

POINT (*aside*). That he does—right well!

FAIR. He is but a man of poor estate, but he hath a loving, honest heart. He will be a true and trusty husband to thee, and if thou wilt be his wife, thou shalt lie curled up in his heart, like a little squirrel in its nest!

POINT (*aside*). 'Tis a pretty figure. A maggot in a nut lies closer, but a squirrel will do.

FAIR. He knoweth that thou wast a wife—an unloved and unloving wife, and his poor heart was near to breaking. But now that thine unloving husband is dead, and thou art free, he would fain pray that thou wouldst hearken unto him, and give him hope that thou wouldst be his! one day.

PHŒ. (*alarmed*). He presses her hands—and he whispers in her ear! Odds boddikins, what does it mean?

FAIR. Now, sweetheart, tell me—wilt thou be this poor good fellow's wife?

ELSIE. If the good, brave man—*is* he a brave man?

FAIR. So men say.

POINT (*aside*). That's not true, but let it pass ~~this once~~.

ELSIE. If this brave man will be content with a poor penniless untaught maid—

POINT (*aside*). Widow—but let *that* pass.

ELSIE. I will be his true and loving wife, and that with my heart of hearts!

FAIR. My own dear love! (*Embracing her.*)

Pulls Elsie round

PHŒ. (*in great agitation*). Why, what's all this? Brother—brother—it is not seemly!

(sets up)

POINT (*also alarmed*). (*aside*) Oh, I can't let *that* pass! (*aloud*) Hold, enough, master Leonard! An advocate should have his fee, but methinks thou art over-paying thyself!

FAIR. Nay, that is for Elsie to say. I promised thee I would show thee how to woo, and herein is the proof of the virtue of my teaching. Go thou, and apply it elsewhere! (PHŒBE *bursts into tears.*) Embraces Elsie

Point, Well I'm ——

Phoe Elsie Fair Point

Elsie Fair Phoe Point sitting

Elsie Fair Point Phoe

Fair & Elsie go off over Terrace L U E followed by Point weeping.

Phoe

6 Wilfred





QUARTETTE.—ELSIE, FAIRFAX, PHŒBE, *and* POINT.

ELSIE *and* FAIR. When a wooer
Goes a-wooing,
Naught is truer
Than his joy.
Fair:- Maiden hushing
All his suing—
Boldly blushing—
Bravely coy!

(seated) Point ~~ALL.~~ all —— Oh, the happy days of doing!
Oh, the sighing and the suing!
When a wooer goes a-wooing,
Oh, the sweets that never cloy! Elsie & Fair R.

PHŒ. (*weeping*). Coming C. When a brother
Leaves his sister
For another,
Sister weeps.
Tears that trickle,
Tears that blister—
'Tis but mickle
Sister reaps!

Point ~~ALL.~~ all —— Oh, the doing and undoing,
Oh, the sighing and the suing,
When a brother goes a-wooing,
And a sobbing sister weeps! Phoe goes up & comes L

gets up POINT. Coming C. When a jester
Is out-witted,
Feelings fester,
Heart is lead!
Food for fishes
Only fitted,
Jester wishes
He ~~was~~ dead! were

ALL. Oh, the doing and undoing,
Oh, the sighing and the suing,
When a jester goes a-wooing,
And he wishes he was dead!

[*Exeunt all but* PHŒBE, *who remains weeping.*

PHŒ. And I helped that man to escape, and I've kept his secret, and pretended that I was his dearly loving sister, and done everything I could think of to make folk believe I *was* his loving sister, and this is his gratitude! Before I pretend to be sister to anybody again, I'll turn nun, and be sister to everybody—one as much as another!

Phoe Wilf
o x

Wilf Phoe
x o

Phoe Wilf
o x

Leonard Phoe Wilfred
x o x

(7)
Leonard
Meryll + Dame C.





*Enter* WILFRED. L 2 E

WIL. In tears, eh? What a plague art thou grizzling for now?

PHŒ. Why am I grizzling? Thou hast often wept for jealousy—well, 'tis for jealousy I weep now. Aye, yellow, bilious, jaundiced jealousy. So make the most of that, Master Wilfred.

WIL. But I have never given thee cause for jealousy. The Lieutenant's cook-maid and I are but the merest gossips!

PHŒ. Jealous of thee! Bah! I'm jealous of no craven cock-on-a-hill, who crows about what he'd do an' he dared! I am jealous of another and a better man than thou—set that down, Master Wilfred. And he is to marry Elsie Maynard, the little pale fool, set that down, Master Wilfred, and my heart is well nigh broken! There, thou hast it all! Make the most of it! x L

Wil: Eh! What!

WIL. The man thou lovest is to marry Elsie Maynard? Why, that is no other than thy brother, Leonard Meryll!

PHŒ. (*aside*). Oh, mercy! what have I said? sits L

WIL. Why, what manner of brother is this, thou lying little jade? Speak! Who is this man whom thou hast called brother, and fondled, and coddled, and kissed—with my connivance, too! Oh! Lord, with my connivance! Ha! should it be this Fairfax! (PHŒBE ~~starts~~ alarmed.) It is! It is this accursed Fairfax! It's Fairfax! Fairfax, who—

PHŒ. Whom thou hast just shot through the head, and who lies at the bottom of the river!

WIL. A—I—I may have been mistaken. We are but fallible mortals, the best of us. But I'll make sure—I'll make sure (*going*). L 1 E

PHŒ. Stay—one word. I think it cannot be Fairfax—mind, I say I *think*—because thou hast just slain Fairfax. But whether he be Fairfax or no Fairfax, he is to marry Elsie—and—and—as thou hast shot him through the head, and he is dead, be content with that, and I will be thy wife!

WIL. Is that sure?

PHŒ. Aye, sure enough, for there's no help for it! Thou art a very brute—but even brutes must marry, I suppose.

WIL. My beloved! (*Embraces her.*)

PHŒ. (*aside*). Ugh!

*Enter* LEONARD, *hastily*. R 2 E

Wil. Why who's this?

LEON. Phœbe, rejoice, for I bring glad tidings. Colonel Fairfax's reprieve was signed two days since, but it was foully and maliciously kept back by Secretary Poltwhistle, who

# All Halberts R.

Leon Phoe Wilf
x o x

#. Leon Wilfred Phoe
x x o

Wilf Phoe
x o

Leon Phoe Wilf
x o x

Dame C. Leon
o x

(8) Everybody for Finale of Opera





designed that it should arrive after the Colonel's death. It hath just come to hand, and it is now in the Lieutenant's possession!

PHŒ. Then the Colonel is free? Oh kiss me, kiss me, my dear! Kiss me, again, and again!

WIL. (*dancing with fury*). Ods bobs, death o' my life! Art thou mad? Am *I* mad? Are we *all* mad?

PHŒ. Oh my dear—my dear, I'm well nigh crazed with joy! (*kissing* LEONARD).

#. WIL. Come away from him, thou hussy—thou jade—thou kissing, clinging, cockatrice! And as for thee, sir, I'll rip thee like a herring for this! I'll skin thee for it! I'll cleave thee to the chine! I'll—Oh! Phœbe! Phœbe! Phœbe! Who is this man? goes to Leon threatingly goes back to Phoe

PHŒ. Peace, fool. He is my brother!

WIL. Another brother! Are there any more of them? Produce them all at once, and let me know the worst!

PHŒ. This is the real Leonard, dolt; the other was but his substitute. The *real* Leonard, I say—my father's own son.

WIL. How do I know this? Has he "brother" writ large on his brow? I mistrust thy brothers! Thou art but a false jade! goes to Leon (X L & sits)

[*Exit* LEONARD. L 2 E

PHŒ. Now, Wilfred, be just. Truly I did deceive thee before—but it was to save a precious life—and to save it, not for me, but for another. They are to be wed this very day. Is not this enough for thee? Come—I am thy Phœbe—thy very own—and we will be wed in a year—or two—or three, at the most. Is not that enough for thee? (Wilf. gets up).

R 2 E *Enter* MERYLL, *excitedly, followed by* DAME CARRUTHERS (*who listens, unobserved*).

MER. Phœbe, hast thou heard the brave news?

PHŒ. (*still in* WILFRED'S *arms*). Aye, father. going R. but is detained by Wilfred

MER. I'm nigh mad with joy! (*seeing* WILFRED). Why, what's all this?

PHŒ. Oh, father, he discovered our secret through my folly, and the price of his silence is—

WIL. Phœbe's heart.

PHŒ. Oh, dear no—Phœbe's hand.

WIL. It's the same thing!

Strikes him in the face PHŒ. *Is it*!

[*Exeunt* WILFRED *and* PHŒBE. L 1 E

MER. (*looking after them*) 'Tis pity, but the Colonel had to be saved at any cost, and as thy folly revealed our secret, thy folly must e'en suffer for it! (DAME CARRUTHERS *comes down*.) Dame Carruthers!

Dame C. Sergt
o +

Dame C. Sergt
o x



DAME. So this is a plot to shield this arch-fiend, and I have detected it. A word from me, and three heads besides his would roll from their shoulders!

Dame C. What?

MER. Nay, Colonel Fairfax is reprieved. (*aside*). Yet if my complicity in his escape were known! Plague on the old meddler! There's nothing for it!—(*aloud*)—Hush, pretty one! Such blood-thirsty words ill become those cherry lips! (*aside*) Ugh!

DAME (*bashfully*). Sergeant Meryll!

MER. Why look ye, chuck—for many a month I've—I've thought to myself—"There's snug love saving up in that middle-aged bosom for someone, and why not for thee—that's me—so take heart and tell her—that's thee—that thou—that's me—lovest her—thee—and—and—well, I'm a miserable old man, and I've done it—and that's me!" But not a word about Fairfax! The price of thy silence is—

DAME. Meryll's heart?

MER. No, Meryll's *hand*.

DAME. It's the same thing!

MER. *Is* it! (affecting to strike her but suddenly checks himself)

DUET.—MERYLL *and* DAME CARRUTHERS.

DAME. Rapture, rapture!
When love's votary,
Flushed with capture,
Seeks the notary,
Joy and jollity
Then is polity;
Reigns frivolity!
Rapture, rapture!

Sergt goes up

MER. (coming down) Doleful, doleful!
When humanity,
With its soul full
Of satanity,
Courting privity,
Down declivity
Seeks captivity!
Doleful, doleful!

DAME. Joyful, joyful!
When virginity
Seeks, all coyful,
Man's affinity;
Fate all flowery,
Bright and bowery
Is her dowery!
Joyful, joyful!

Dame C Serg

# Wardens enter from R 2 E & form semicircles Ladies enter R. in following order.
Civilians enter R. & line R of Stage

(Wardens)

x x x x x x x x x x x x x x x x x x

o o o o o o o o o o o o o

o o o o o o o o o o o o o

* Dame C Elsie Phoe

Civilians / Wardens — Wardens — Ladies — Ladies — Ladies — Wardens

Dame C Elsie Phoe

Wilf Phoe Lieut Elsie Dam C. Serg



MEN. Ghastly, ghastly!
When man, sorrowful,
Firstly, lastly,
Of to-morrow full,
After tarrying,
Yields to harrying—
Goes a-marrying.
Ghastly, ghastly!

(Exit together L/E)

## FINALE.

*Enter Yeomen, Women, and* ELSIE *as Bride.*

### CHORUS OF WOMEN.

(ELEGIACS.)

Comes the pretty young bride, a-blushing, timidly shrinking—
Set all thy fears aside—cheerily, pretty young bride!
Brave is the youth to whom thy lot thou art willingly linking!
Flower of valour is he—loving as loving can be!

Wardens #

Brightly thy summer is shining,
Fair is the dawn of the day;
Open out. Take him, be true to him—
Tender his due to him—
Elsie's Entrance Honour him, love and obey!

Ladies fall back for Elsies entrance

### TRIO.—PHŒBE, ELSIE, *and* DAME CARRUTHERS. enter L 3 E

* 'Tis said that joy in full perfection
Comes only once to womankind—
That, other times, on close inspection,
Chorus wing semicircle Some lurking bitter we shall find.
If this be so, and men say truly,
My day of joy has broken duly.
With happiness my soul is cloyed—
This is my joy-day unalloyed!

Wilfred enter R/E

ALL. Yes, yes,
This is her joy-day unalloyed!

(All fall back & remain so till Fairfax enters)

*Flourish—enter* LIEUTENANT. L/E by Terrace

LIEUT. Hold, pretty one! I bring to thee
News—good or ill, it is for thee to say.
Thy husband lives—and he is free,
And comes to claim his bride this very day!

ELSIE. No! no! recall those words—it cannot be!
Leonard, my Leonard, come, oh, come to me!
Leonard, my own—my loved one—where art thou?
out I knew not how I loved thine heart till now!

Phoe Wilf Lieut Elsie Dame C Sergt

Enter Fairfax & 6 Nobles L U E

# Civilians
Warders
Ladies
× × × × × × Noblemen
Warders
Ladies
Phoe Wilf Lieut Fair Elsie Dame C Sergt Hate

4 Supers on Terrace

After Fairfax's Entrance
Warders Warders
Hands arms
Noblemen
civilians
Ladies
Warders
Phoe Wilf Lieut Fair Elsie Dame C Sergt Hate

Fair Elsie

# Elsie Fair

BRITISH MUSEUM





## ENSEMBLE.

| ELSIE *and* PHŒBE. | CHORUS *and* OTHERS. | LIEUT. *and* POINT. |
|---|---|---|
| Oh, day of terror! day of tears! | Oh, day of terror! day of tears! | Come, dry these unbecoming tears, |
| What fearful tidings greet mine ears? | What words are these that greet our ears? | Most joyful tidings greet thine ears. |
| Oh, Leonard, come thou to my side, | Who is the man who, in his pride, | The man to whom thou art allied |
| And claim me as thy loving bride. | So boldly claims thee as his bride? | Appears to claim thee as his bride. |

*Flourish.* *Enter* COLONEL FAIRFAX, *handsomely dressed, and attended by other Gentlemen.* by Terrace L U E

# FAIR. (*sternly.*) All thought of Leonard Meryll set aside.
Thou art mine own! I claim thee as my bride. comes down

⊙ ELSIE. kneels A suppliant at thy feet I fall:
Thine heart will yield to pity's call!

FAIR. Mine is a heart of massive rock,
Unmoved by sentimental shock!

ALL. Thy husband he!

gets up ELSIE. Leonard my loved one—come to me.
They bear me hence away!
But though they take me far from thee,
My heart is thine for aye!
My bruised heart,
My broken heart,
Is thine, my own, for aye!

(*To* FAIRFAX) Elsie kneels
Sir, I obey,
I am thy bride;
But ere the fatal hour
I said the say
That placed me in thy power,
Would I had died!
Sir, I obey!
I am thy bride!

# (*Looks up and recognizes* FAIRFAX.) Leonard! gets up

FAIR. My own!

ELSIE. Ah! (*embrace.*) #

ELSIE & FAIR. With happiness my soul is cloyed,
This is my joy-day unalloyed!

ALL. Yes! yes!
With happiness their souls are cloyed, Point enters L 2 E
This is their joy-day unalloyed!

POINT. Oh thoughtless crew!
Ye know not what ye do!
Attend to me, and shed a tear or two—

Leonard enters L & joins Kate

Wilfred Thos Lent Fair Elsie Point Dame C Sergt Kate Leonard

For Curtain Point falls and all except Warders point towards him.





Elsie comes C.

For I have a song to sing, O!

**All.** Sing me your song, O! &c.

**Point.** It is sung to the moon
By a love-lorn loon,
Who fled from the mocking throng, O!
It's the song of a merryman moping mum,
Whose soul was sad and whose glance was glum,
Who sipped no sup and who craved no crumb,
As he sighed for the love of a ladye!

**All.** Heighdy! Heighdy!
Misery me, lackadaydee!
He sipped no sup and he craved no crumb,
As he sighed for the love of a ladye!

**Elsie.** I have a song to sing, O!

**All.** Sing me your song, O!

**Elsie.** It is sung with the ring
Of the songs maids sing
Who love with a love life-long, O!
It's the song of a merrymaid, peerly proud,
Who loved a lord, and who laughed aloud
At the moan of the merryman moping mum,
Whose soul was sad and whose glance was glum,
Who sipped no sup and who craved no crumb,
As he sighed for the love of a ladye!

**All.** Heighdy! Heighdy!
Misery me, lackadaydee!
He sipped no sup and he craved no crumb,
As he sighed for the love of a ladye!

**Fairfax** *embraces* **Elsie** *as* **Point** *falls insensible at their feet.*

Curtain

Henderson & Spalding, General Printers, 3 & 5, Marylebone Lane, London, W.

# Property Plot

## Act I

10 Baskets with Red and White roses (Discovered)

25 Gounds for Chorus Fest$^{ne}$

2 Mandolins for Giuseppe and Marco

8 lighted lamps at back of column R

Prospectus of the Duke of Plaza Toro Limited

A worn out visiting card

Drum for Luiz L U E

Drum Stick do do

1 Pound kerchief (blue) Giuseppe (1 do red - Marco

26 Chatelines for Gianetta, Tessa - and Chorus Ladies

Watch for Casilda

Favors for Mar. Gin. 2 Small bouquets Gia and Tessa L

## Act II

Discovered

- Two sets of dice & boxes. on Steps R.
- Dominoes - Centre front of Steps
- Cup & Ball (on platform L)
- String (for Cats Cradle) - at L 1 E & on R.C. platform
- paper (foreign newspaper) R.C.
- Cards (foreign playing) R

A Snuff box with looking glass lid & powder puff for Duke
Crown & Sceptre for Marco & Giuseppe - the same to be
afterwards used for Luiz - by Throne L/Bench & Leather
Crown & Cushion for Same - for Casilda L 2 E
2 Sticks for Running Footmen
6 Pike-staffs for Pikemen R U E
11 Walking sticks for Courtiers
2 Trumpets for Heralds L U E
1 Ebony walking stick for Grand Inquisitor
6 Mandolins for the Cachucha - to be played
by the Ladies formerly partners of Pikemen - the
two used by Marco & Giuseppe to be two of them.
Three cushions (discovered on Steps L.C.
2 Pairs Real Castinets for Marco & Giuseppe
5 Dozen sets Castinets for every body - to be made dum



*First performed at the Savoy Theatre, London, under the management of Mr. R. D'Oyly Carte, on Saturday, December 7th, 1889.*

# THE GONDOLIERS;

OR,

## THE KING OF BARATARIA.

### Dramatis Personæ.

THE DUKE OF PLAZA-TORO (*a Grandee of Spain*)
LUIZ (*His Attendant*) ... ... ... ...
DON ALHAMBRA DEL BOLERO (*the Grand Inquisitor*)

MARCO PALMIERI
GIUSEPPE PALMIERI
ANTONIO
FRANCESCO
GIORGIO
ANNIBALE
OTTAVIO
(*Venetian Gondoliers*)

THE DUCHESS OF PLAZA-TORO ... ... ...
CASILDA (*her Daughter*) ... ... ... ...

GIANETTA
TESSA
FIAMETTA
VITTORIA
GIULIA
(*Contadine*)

INEZ (*the King's Foster-mother*) ... ... ...

Chorus of Gondoliers and Contadine, Men-at-Arms, Heralds, and Pages.

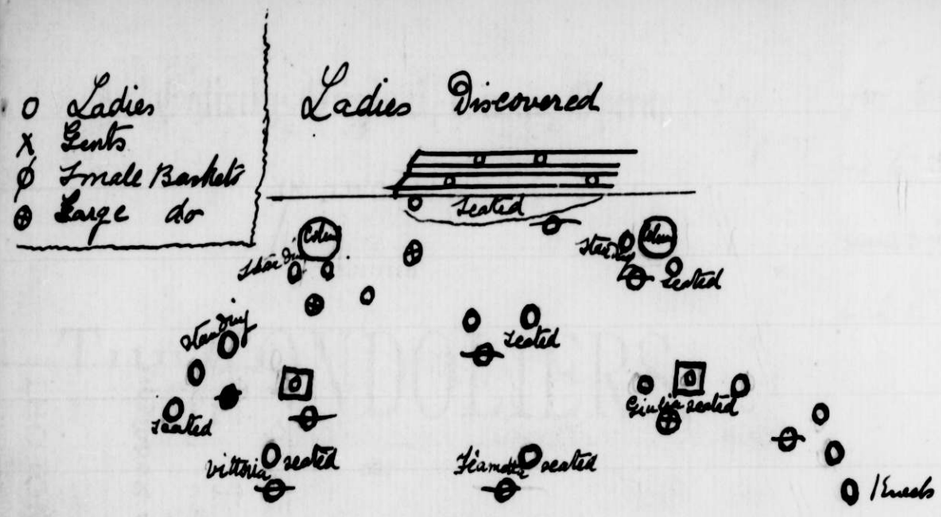
ACT I.—THE PIAZETTA, VENICE.

ACT II.—PAVILION IN THE PALACE OF BARATARIA.

(*An interval of three months is supposed to elapse between Acts I. and II.*)

DATE 1750.

The Scenery painted by Mr. HAWES CRAVEN (by permission of Mr. HENRY IRVING). The Dresses designed by Mr. PERCY ANDERSON and executed by Miss FISHER, Madame LEON, and Mr. BARTHE. The Dances arranged by Mr. WARDE. The Properties by Mr. LABARTE.




※ At end of Ladies Chorus the Gents enter R. and L.U.E. led by Francesco, and Antonio.

(1) Chorus Ladies do Gents



# THE GONDOLIERS;

OR,

## THE KING OF BARATARIA.

### ACT I.

SCENE.—THE PIAZZETTA, VENICE. *The Ducal Palace on the right.*

FIAMETTA, GIULIA, VITTORIA, *and other Contadine discovered, each tying a bouquet of roses.*

CHORUS OF CONTADINE.

List and learn, ye dainty roses,
Roses white and roses red,
Why we bind you into posies
Ere your morning bloom has fled.
By a law of maiden's making,
Accents of a heart that's aching,
Even though that heart be breaking,
Should by maiden be unsaid:
Though they love with love exceeding,
They must seem to be unheeding—
Go ye then and do their pleading,
Roses white and roses red!

Seated

FIAMETTA.

Two there are for whom, in duty,
Every maid in Venice sighs—
Two so peerless in their beauty
That they shame the summer skies. (All assent)

Sets up

We have hearts for them, in plenty,
We, alas, are four-and-twenty!
They have hearts, but all too few,
They, alas, are only two! (Kneels)

CHORUS.

Now ye know, ye dainty roses,
Why we bind you into posies
Ere your morning bloom has fled,
Roses white and roses red! ※

*During this chorus* ANTONIO, FRANCESCO, GIORGIO, *and other Gondoliers have entered unobserved by the Girls—at first two, then two more, then four, then half-a-dozen, then the remainder of the Chorus.)*

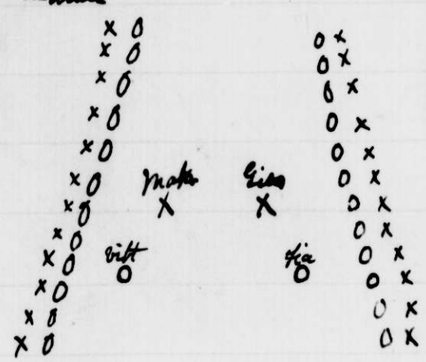
See Gondola ready with wood on

# Ant Franc Gior

θ Ant-Franc Gior

End of 2nd Verse

⁂ For Marco and Giuseppe's Entrance Ladies form lines with Gentlm behind




(X) Gondola hauled slowly back - wood taken off.



## RECIT.

Enter 3rd group of Gents L.

FRANC. Good morrow, pretty maids; for whom prepare ye
These floral tributes extraordinary?

Enter 4th group R

FIA. For Marco and Giuseppe Palmieri,
The pink and flower of all the Gondolieri.

GIU. They're coming here, as we have heard but lately,
To choose two brides from us who sit sedately.

All Gents on

ANT. Do all you maidens love them?

Gents express despair

ALL. Passionately!

ANT. These gondoliers are to be envied greatly!

GIOR. But what of us, who one and all adore you?
Have pity on our passion, I implore you!

FIA. These gentlemen must make their choice before you:

Gents disgusted

VIT. In the meantime we tacitly ignore you.

Gents show satisfaction

GIU. When they have chosen two that leaves you plenty—
Two dozen we, and ye are four-and-twenty.

FIA. & VIT. Till then, enjoy your *dolce far niente.*

ANT. With pleasure, nobody *contradicente!*

### SONG.—ANTONIO *and* CHORUS.

# For the merriest fellows are we, tra la,
That ply on the emerald sea, tra la;
With loving and laughing,
And quipping and quaffing,
We're happy as happy can be, tra la—
As happy as happy can be!

θ With sorrow we've nothing to do, tra la,
And care is a thing to pooh-pooh, tra la;
And Jealousy yellow,
Unfortunate fellow,
We drown in the shimmering blue, tra la,—
We drown in the shimmering blue!

Group stage through Symp.

FIA. (*looking off L*) See, see, at last they come to make their choice—
Let us acclaim them with united voice. goes R.

Gondola Mark

(MARCO *and* GIUSEPPE *appear in gondola at back.*)

Ladies Curtsey

ALL THE GIRLS. Hail, gallant gondolieri, ben' venuti!
Accept our love, our homage, and our duty.

do

⁂ (MARCO *and* GIUSEPPE *jump ashore—the girls salute them.*)

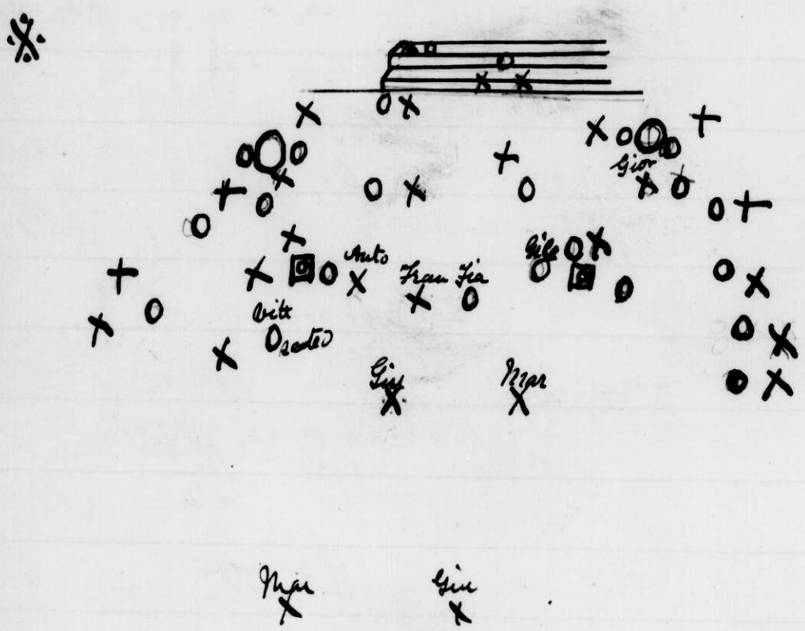
(X) DUET.—GIUSEPPE *and* MARCO, *with* CHORUS OF GIRLS.

Bowing Curtsey turn every bashfully

GIU. AND MAR. Buon' giorno, signorine!

GIRLS. Gondolieri carissimi!
Siamo contadine!

# Marco & Giuseppe drop all the flowers at last "Servitori" Fia, Vitto, Giu, and one of the other ladies pick them up and put them into four baskets & return them to Marco & Giu - who retain them till end of number & then pass them off.




(2) Giuseppe & Teresa



Bows R. & L.

GIU. & MAR. (*bowing*). Servitori umilissimi!
Per chi questi fiori—
Questi fiori bellissimi?

Ladies get round them & present flowers

GIRLS. Per voi, bei' signori
O eccellentissimi!

[*The girls present their bouquets to* GIUSEPPE *and* MARCO, *who are overwhelmed with them, and carry them with difficulty.*]

Turn right down 2nd time two steps back —

GIU. & MAR. (*their arms full of flowers*). O ciel!

GIRLS. Buon' giorno, cavalieri! bowing

GIU & MAR. (*deprecatingly*). Siamo gondolieri.
(*to* FIA. & VIT.) Signorina, io t'amo!

turn away bashfully

GIRLS (*deprecatingly*). Contadine siamo.

GIU. & MAR. Signorine!

turn away as before Curtsey & always

GIRLS (*deprecatingly*). Contadine!
(*curtseying to* GIU. *and* MAR.) Cavalieri.

GIU. & MAR. (*deprecatingly*). Gondolieri!
Poveri gondolieri!

Ladies Curtsey, Gent. bowing

CHORUS. Buon' giorno, signorine, &c.

Flowers & baskets put off R. & L.

All form in Groups

DUET.—MARCO *and* GIUSEPPE.

We're called *gondolieri*,
But that's a vagary,
It's quite honorary
The trade that we ply.

For gallantry noted
Since we were short-coated
To ladies devoted,
My brother and I.

When morning is breaking,
Our couches forsaking,
To greet their awaking
With carols we come.

At summer day's nooning,
When weary lagooning,
Our mandolins tuning,
We lazily thrum. (dance)

Change sides through dance

When vespers are ringing,
To hope ever clinging,
With songs of our singing
A vigil we keep.

All Cam forward, listening sympathetically

When daylight is fading,
Enwrapt in night's shading,
With soft serenading
We lull them to sleep.

leads hope to Fine

We're called *gondolieri*, &c.

(Marco & Giu dance at end, All rise slowly & break up groups)

BRITISH MUSEUM



**RECIT.—MARCO *and* GIUSEPPE.**

Ladies come forward, some kneel before Giu

And now to choose our brides!
As all are young and fair,
And amiable besides,
We really do not care
A preference to declare.

Mar. ~~A bias to disclose~~ To pitch on these or those
Would be indelicate—

Ale assent

Giu. And therefore we propose
To let impartial Fate
Select for us a mate!

Ale pst-up deceptrd

ALL. Viva!
A bias to disclose
Would be indelicate—
But how do they propose
To let impartial Fate
Select for them a mate?

MAR. These handkerchiefs upon our eyes be good enough to bind,

GIU. And take good care that both of us are absolutely blind;

BOTH. Then turn us round—and we, with all convenient despatch,
Will undertake to marry any two of you we catch!

ALL. Viva!
They undertake to marry any two of us they catch!

(*The girls prepare to bind their eyes as directed*).

TESSA. (*to* MARCO). Are you peeping?
Can you see me?

MAR. Dark I'm keeping,
Dark and dreamy!

(MARCO *slyly lifts bandage.*)

VIT. (*to* GIUSEPPE). If you're blinded
Truly say so.

GIU. All right-minded
Players play so! (*slyly lifts bandage.* Both *peep at one another*)

Vit. Getting round behind Giu

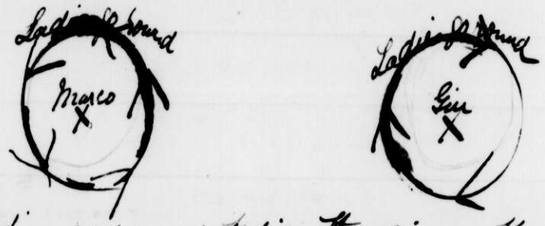
Fia gets round

FIA. (*detecting* MARCO). Conduct shady!
They are cheating!
Surely they de-
Serve a beating! (*replaces bandage.*)

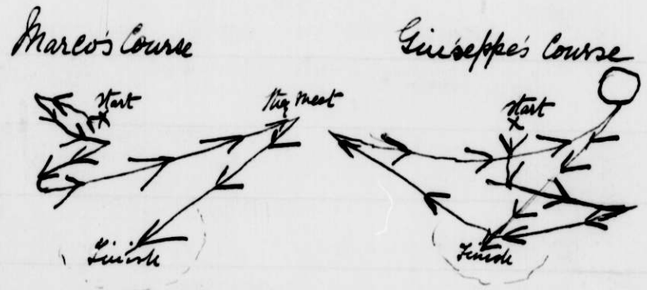
VIT. (*detecting* GIUSEPPE). This too much is;
Maidens mocking—
Conduct such is
Truly shocking!

(*replaces bandage.*)

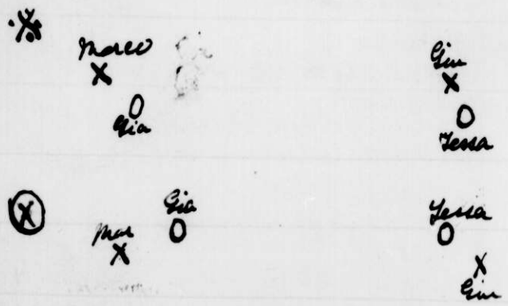
#




Ladies go round while they sing – then the Gent. take it up and repeat till Tessa and Gianetta are caught.




When Giuseppe leaves Column, Ladies reform the two circles, with Tessa in the left circle & Gianetta in the right circle – they go round till Tessa is caught and immediately Gianetta is caught.




(3) Duke Duch Luz Casilda





ALL. a little forward You can spy, sir!
Shut your eye, sir!
You may use it by-and-bye, sir!
You can see, sir!
Don't tell me, sir!
That will do—now let it be, sir!

Join hands and go round

ALL THE GIRLS. # My papa he keeps three horses,
Black, and white, and dapple grey, sir;
Turn three times, then take your courses,
Catch whichever girl you may, sir!

Marco & Gia start

When Gia leaves Column Tessa enters L. and Gianetta R.

*GIUSEPPE and* MARCO *turn round, as directed, and try to catch the girls. Business of blind-man's buff. Eventually* MARCO *catches* GIANETTA, *and* GIUSEPPE *catches* TESSA. *The two girls try to escape, but in vain. The two men pass their hands over the girls' faces to discover their identity.*

X GIU. I've at length achieved a capture!
(*Guessing*) This is Tessa! (*removes bandage.*) Rapture, rapture!

MAR. (*Guessing*) Gianetta fate has granted! (*removes bandage*)
Just the very girl I wanted!

GIU. (*politely to* MAR.) If you'd rather change—

TESSA. My goodness!
This indeed is simple rudeness.

Goes L.

Crossing C. & passing Gia R.

puts Gia C.

Chorus in Groups

Curtsey

MAR. (*politely to* GIU.) I've no preference whatever—

GIA. Listen to him! Well, I never!

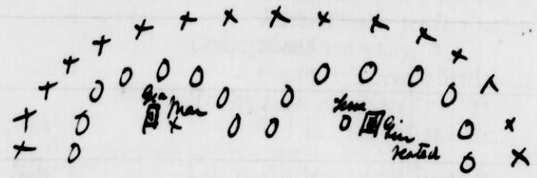
(*Each man kisses each girl.*)

X GIA. Thank you, gallant *gondolieri:*
In a set and formal measure
It is scarcely necessary
To express our pride and pleasure.
Each of us to prove a treasure,
Conjugal and monetary,
Gladly will devote our leisure,
Gay and gallant *gondolieri.*
La, la, la, la, la! &c.

TESSA. Gay and gallant *gondolieri,*
Take us both and hold us tightly,
You have luck extraordinary;
We might both have been unsightly!
If we judge your conduct rightly,
'Twas a choice involuntary;
Still we thank you most politely,
Gay and gallant *gondolieri!*
La, la, la, la, la! &c. Steps movement

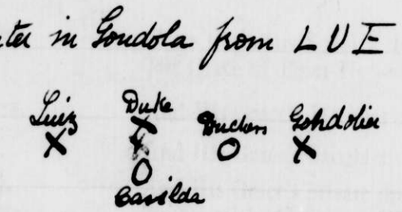
Curtsey

# Ladies form two Semicircles, Gent^n one behind

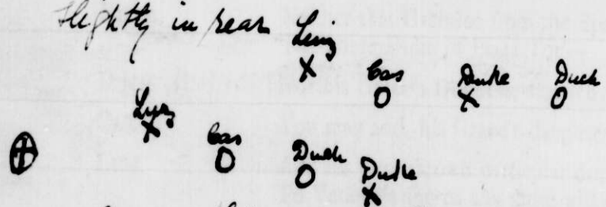



For the exit Chorus go off L U E in fours, the two Centre Couples leading followed by two from either side - the four principals last.

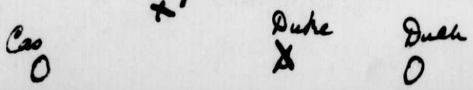
※ Enter in Gondola from L U E in following order




The Duke hands first Casilda then Duchess and they come down Stage in line with seven steps to music - Luiz slightly in rear




At end, Luiz takes off Drum, and puts it by Column R.






Curtsy

# ALL THE GIRLS.

Thank you ~~Tessa~~ gallant *gondolieri.* (Curtsy)
In a set and formal measure,
It is scarcely necessary
To express their pride and pleasure.
Each of us to prove a treasure,
Conjugal and monetary,
Gladly will devote her leisure
To the other *gondolieri!*
La! la! la! la! la! &c.

Gin. gives Tessa a pair of earrings bro.

Ladies turn to Gent^n who have come forward delighted, and take ladies, each

ALL.

Fate in this has put his finger—
Let us bow to Fate's decree,
Then no longer let us linger,
To the altar hurry we!

(*They all dance off two and two*—GIANETTA *with* MARCO, TESSA *with* GIUSEPPE.) Principals once round and off L 2 E.

A Gondola brings Gondola on at first sound of Brass

※ *Flourish. A gondola arrives at the Piazzetta steps, from which enter the* DUKE OF PLAZA-TORO, *the* DUCHESS, *their daughter* CASILDA, *and their attendant* LUIZ, *who carries a drum. All are dressed in pompous, but old and faded clothes.*

## ENTRÉE.

DUKE. From the sunny Spanish shore,
The Duke ~~[illegible]~~ of Plaza-Tor'—

Duke kisses her hand — DUCH. And His Grace's Duchess true—

CAS. And His Grace's daughter, too—

The theatre R — LUIZ. And His Grace's private drum
To Venetia's shores have come:

ALL. And if ever, ever, ever
They get back to Spain,
They will never, never, never
Cross the sea again— (Drum)

Turn as before

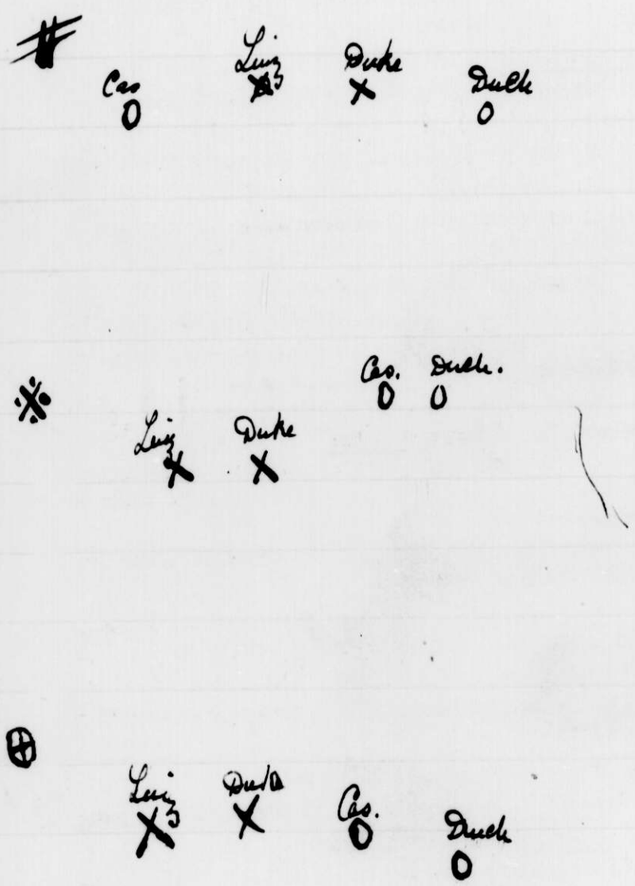
Duke goes R & round — DUKE. Neither that Grandee from the Spanish shore,
The noble Duke of Plaza Tor'—

Duch goes R & do. — DUCH. Nor his Grace's Duchess, staunch and true—

Cas goes R 1 do — CAS. You may add, his Grace's daughter, too—

Duke gets C. — LUIZ. ⊗ And his Grace's own particular drum
To Venetia's shores any more will come.

ALL. (A step down) And if ever, ever, ever
They get back to Spain,
They will never, never, never
Cross the sea again! (Drum) {Gondolier goes off






(Looking R.

(Looking L.

DUKE. At last we have arrived at our destination. This is the Ducal Palace, and it is here that the Grand Inquisitor resides. As a Castilian hidalgo of ninety-five quarterings, I regret that I am unable to pay my state visit on a horse. As a Castilian hidalgo of that description, I should have preferred to ride through the streets of Venice; but owing, I presume, to an unusually wet season, the streets are in such a condition that equestrian exercise is simply impracticable. No matter. Where is our suite?

LUIZ (*coming forward*). Your Grace, I am here.

DUCH. Why do you not do yourself the honour to kneel when you address his Grace?

Strikes head as Luiz kneels

DUKE. My love, it is so small a matter! (*to* LUIZ) Still, you may as well do it. (LUIZ *kneels.*)

CAS. The young man seems to entertain but an imperfect appreciation of the respect due from a menial to a Castilian hidalgo.

DUKE. My child, you are hard upon our suite.

CAS. Papa, I've no patience with the presumption of persons in his plebeian position. If he does not appreciate that position, let him be whipped until he does. (Turns up stage)

Taking Luiz head

DUKE. Let us hope the omission was not intended as a slight. I should be much hurt if I thought it was. So would he. (*to* LUIZ) (Puts head back) Where are the halberdiers who were to have had the honour of meeting us here, that our visit to the Grand Inquisitor might be made in becoming state?

LUIZ. Your Grace, the halberdiers are mercenary people who stipulated for a trifle on account.

Feeling pocket

DUKE. How tiresome! Well, let us hope the Grand Inquisitor is a blind gentleman. And the band who were to have had the honour of escorting us? I see no band!

LUIZ. Your Grace, the band are sordid persons who required to be paid in advance.

DUCH. That's so like a band! (Turns up

DUKE (*annoyed*). Insuperable difficulties meet me at every turn! X L.

Coming C

DUCH. But surely they know his Grace?

LUIZ. Exactly—they know his Grace. (Duchess & Cas. up Stage

Coming C

Taking Luiz head

DUKE. Well, let us hope that the Grand Inquisitor is a deaf gentleman. A cornet-à-piston would be something. You do not happen to possess the accomplishment of tootling like a cornet-à-piston?

LUIZ. Alas no, your Grace! But I can imitate a farmyard.

DUKE (*doubtfully*). I don't see how that would help us. I don't see how we could bring it in.

Puts Luiz head back

CAS. It would not help us in the least. We are not a parcel of graziers come to market, dolt!

DUKE. My love, the suite's feelings! (*To* LUIZ.) Be so good as to ring the bell and inform the Grand Inquisitor that his Grace the Duke of Plaza-Toro, Count Matadoro, Baron Picadoro—

Luiz gets up

DUCH. And suite—

DUKE. Have arrived at Venice, and begs

CAS. Desire—

DUCH. Demand!

Dusting hand - gives Card to Luiz

DUKE. And demand an audience.

LUIZ. Your Grace has but to command. (exit)

Passes Casilda R

DUKE. (*much moved*). I felt sure of it—I felt sure of it! (*Exit* LUIZ *into Ducal Palace.*) And now, my love—(*aside to* DUCHESS), Shall we tell her? I think so—(*aloud to* CASILDA). And now, my love, prepare for a magnificent surprise. It is my agreeable duty to reveal to you a secret which should make you the happiest young lady in Venice!

CAS. A secret?

DUCH. A secret which, for State purposes, it has been necessary to preserve for twenty years.

Ges. of pursing

DUKE. When you were a prattling babe of six months old you were married by proxy to no less a personage than the infant son and heir of His Majesty the immeasurably wealthy King of Barataria!

CAS. Married to the infant son of the King of Barataria? It was a most unpardonable liberty! (*takes stage R*)

Duke gets up

Cas returns R.C.

DUKE. Consider his extreme youth and forgive him. Shortly after the ceremony that misguided monarch abandoned the creed of his forefathers, and became a Wesleyan Methodist of the most bigoted and persecuting type. The Grand Inquisitor determined that the innovation should not be perpetuated in Barataria, caused your smiling and unconscious husband to be stolen and conveyed to Venice. A fortnight since the Methodist Monarch and all his Wesleyan Court were killed in an insurrection, and we are here to ascertain the whereabouts of your husband, and to hail you, our daughter, as Her Majesty, the reigning Queen of Barataria! (*kneels.*)

DUCH. Your Majesty! (*kneels.*)

DUKE. It is at such moments as these that one feels how necessary it is to travel with a full band. (gets up, Duke helps him)

CAS. I, the Queen of Barataria! But I've nothing to wear! We are practically penniless!

Pointing prospectus to Cas.

DUKE. That point has not escaped me. Although I am unhappily in straitened circumstances at present, my social influence is something enormous; and a Company, to be called the Duke of Plaza-Toro, Limited, is in course of formation to work me. An influential directorate has been secured, and I shall myself join the Board after allotment. (goes L and to)

CAS. Am I to understand that the Queen of Barataria may be called upon at any time to witness her honoured sire in process of liquidation?

Re-enter Luiz Thro' Symphony

# Luiz X Cas O Duke X Duch O

⊛ Luiz X Duke X Cas O Duch O

⊛ Luiz X Cas O Duke X Duch O



68

DUCH. The speculation is not exempt from that drawback. If your father should stop, it will, of course, be necessary to wind him up.

Striking prospectus

CAS. But it's so undignified—it's so degrading! A Grandee of Spain turned into a public company! Such a thing was never heard of!

Going C

DUKE. My child, the Duke of Plaza-Toro does not follow fashions—he leads them. He always leads everybody. When he was in the army he led his regiment. He occasionally led them into action. He invariably led them out of it.

SONG.—DUKE OF PLAZA-TORO.

# In enterprise of martial kind,
When there was any fighting,
He led his regiment from behind—
He found it less exciting.
But when away his regiment ran,
His place was at the fore, O—
That celebrated,
Cultivated,
Underrated,
Nobleman,
⊛ The Duke of Plaza-Toro! X to R

Cas. comes C to Duke

ALL. In the first and foremost flight, ha, ha!
You always found that knight, ha, ha!
That celebrated,
Cultivated,
Underrated
Nobleman,
The Duke of Plaza-Toro!

Duke X to C. Cas goes R

⊛ When, to evade Destruction's hand,
To hide they all proceeded,
No soldier in that gallant band
Hid half as well as he did.
He lay concealed throughout the war,
And so preserved his gore, O!
That unaffected,
Undetected,
Well-connected
Warrior,
The Duke of Plaza-Toro! X L

Luiz X3 Cas. O Duch O Duke X

# Luiz X3 Cas. O Duke X Duch O

Luiz X Cas. O



ALL. In every doughty deed, ha, ha!
He always took the lead, ha, ha!
That unaffected,
Undetected,
Well-connected
Warrior,
The Duke of Plaza-Toro! Gets back C

#

When told that they would all be shot
Unless they left the service,
That hero hesitated not,
So marvellous his nerve is.
He sent his resignation in,
The first of all his corps, O!
That very knowing,
Overflowing,
Easy-going,
Paladin,
The Duke of Plaza-Toro!

ALL. To men of grosser clay, ha, ha!
He always showed the way, ha, ha!
That very knowing,
Over-flowing,
Easy-going
Paladin,
The Duke of Plaza-Toro! (Exit Duke & Duch. R.1 E)

*Exeunt* DUKE *and* DUCHESS *into Grand Ducal Palace. As soon as they have disappeared,* LUIZ *and* CASILDA *rush to each other's arms.)* C

RECIT *and* DUETTINO.—CASILDA *and* LUIZ. (Together)

#

O rapture, when alone together
Two loving hearts and those that bear them
May join in temporary tether,
Though Fate apart should rudely tear them,
Necessity, Invention's mother,
Compelled {me / thee} to a course of feigning—
But, left alone with one another,
{I will / Thou shalt} atone for {my / thy} disdaining!

CASILDA. Ah, well beloved,
Mine angry frown
Is but a gown
That serves to dress
My gentleness!

Luiz X3 Cas. O Duch O Duke X

# Luiz X3 Cas. O Duke X Duch O

Luiz X Cas. O





ALL. In every doughty deed, ha, ha!
He always took the lead, ha, ha!
That unaffected,
Undetected,
Well-connected
Warrior,
The Duke of Plaza-Toro! Gets back C

#

When told that they would all be shot
Unless they left the service,
That hero hesitated not,
So marvellous his nerve is.
He sent his resignation in,
The first of all his corps, O!
That very knowing,
Overflowing,
Easy-going,
Paladin,
The Duke of Plaza-Toro!

ALL. To men of grosser clay, ha, ha!
He always showed the way, ha, ha!
That very knowing,
Over-flowing,
Easy-going
Paladin,
The Duke of Plaza-Toro! (Exit Duke & Duch. R. 1 E)

*Exeunt* DUKE *and* DUCHESS *into Grand Ducal Palace. As soon as they have disappeared,* LUIZ *and* CASILDA *rush to each other's arms.)* C

RECIT *and* DUETTINO.—CASILDA *and* LUIZ. (Together)

O rapture, when alone together
Two loving hearts and those that bear them
May join in temporary tether,
Though Fate apart should rudely tear them,
Necessity, Invention's mother,
Compelled {me / thee} to a course of feigning—
But, left alone with one another,
{I will / Thou shalt} atone for {my / thy} disdaining!

CASILDA. Ah, well beloved,
Mine angry frown
Is but a gown
That serves to dress
My gentleness!

Luiz X Cas. O

# Cas. O Luiz X



LUIZ. (Apart) Ah, well beloved,
Thy cold disdain,
It gives no pain—
'Tis mercy, played
In masquerade!

BOTH. (Together) Ah, well beloved! (Embrace)

CAS. O Luiz, Luiz—what have you said! What have I done! What have I allowed you to do!

LUIZ. Nothing, I trust, that you will ever have reason to repent. (*Offering to embrace her.*) (trying to kiss her)

Which Cas. prevents

CAS. (*withdrawing from him*). Nay, Luiz, it may not be. I have embraced you for the last time.

LUIZ (*amazed*). Casilda!

CAS. I have just learnt, to my surprise and indignation, that I was wed in babyhood to the infant son of the King of Barataria!

LUIZ. The son of the King of Barataria? The child who was stolen in infancy by the Inquisition?

CAS. The same. Ah! But, of course, you know his story.

LUIZ. Know his story? Why I have often told you that my mother was the nurse to whose charge he was entrusted!

CAS. True. I had forgotten. Well, he has been discovered, and my father has brought me here to claim his hand.

LUIZ. But you will not recognize this marriage? It took place when you were too young to understand its import.

CAS. Nay, Luiz, respect my principles and cease to torture me with vain entreaties. Henceforth my life is another's. (Crossing to R)

# LUIZ. But stay—the present and the future—*they* are another's; but the past—that at least is ours, and none can take it from us. As we may revel in naught else, let us revel in that!

CAS. I don't think I grasp your meaning.

LUIZ. Yet it is logical enough. You say you cease to love me?

CAS. (*demurely*). I say I *may* not love you.

LUIZ. But you do not say you *did* not love me?

CAS. I loved you with a frenzy that words are powerless to express—and that but ten brief minutes since!

Cas. Starts

LUIZ. Exactly. My own—that is, until ten minutes since, my own—my lately loved, my recently adored—tell me that until, say a quarter of an hour ago, I was all in all to thee! (*embracing her.*) Aside Loud Music

BRITISH MUSEUM



CAS. I see your idea. It's ingenious, but don't do that. (*releasing herself.*)

LUIZ. There can be no harm in revelling in the past.

CAS. None whatever, but an embrace cannot be taken to act retrospectively.

LUIZ. Perhaps not!

CAS. We may recollect an embrace—I recollect many—but we must not repeat them.

LUIZ. Then let us recollect a few!

(*A moment's pause, as they recollect, then both heave a deep sigh.*)

LUIZ. Ah, Casilda, you were to me as the sun is to the earth!

CAS. A quarter of an hour ago?

LUIZ. About that.

CAS. And to think that, but for this miserable discovery, you would have been my own for life!

LUIZ. Through life to death—a quarter of an hour ago!

CAS. How greedily my thirsty ears would have drunk the golden melody of those sweet words a quarter—well it's now about twenty minutes since. (*Looking at her watch.*)

LUIZ. About that. In such a matter one cannot be too precise.

CAS. Then, henceforth, our love is but a memory!

LUIZ. It must be so, Casilda!

CAS. Luiz, it must be so!

DUET.—CASILDA *and* LUIZ.

LUIZ.
There was a time—
A time for ever gone—ah, woe is me!
It was no crime
To love but thee alone—ah, woe is me!
One heart, one life, one soul,
One aim, one goal—
Each in the other's thrall,
Each all in all, ah, woe is me!

ENSEMBLE.
Oh, bury, bury—let the grave close o'er
The days that were—that never will be more!
Oh, bury, bury love that all condemn,
And let the whirlwind mourn its requiem!

CCAS.
Dead as the last year's leaves—
As gathered flowers—ah, woe is me!
Dead as the garnered sheaves,
That love of ours—ah, woe is me!
Born but to fade and die
When hope was high,
Dead and as far away
As yesterday!—ah, woe is me!

ENSEMBLE.
Oh, bury, bury—let the grave close o'er, &c.

(*Re-enter from the Ducal Palace the* DUKE *and* DUCHESS, *followed by* DON ALHAMBRA BOLERO, *the Grand Inquisitor.*)

DUKE. My child, allow me to present to you His Distinction Don Alhambra Bolero, the Grand Inquisitor of Spain. It was His Distinction who so thoughtfully abstracted your infant husband and brought him to Venice.

DON AL. So this is the little lady who is so unexpectedly called upon to assume the functions of Royalty! And a very nice little lady, too!

DUKE. Jimp, isn't she?

DON AL. Distinctly jimp. Allow me (*proceeds to inspect her—she turns away scornfully*). Naughty temper!

DUKE. You must make some allowance. Her Majesty's head is a little turned by her access of dignity.

DON AL. I could have wished that Her Majesty's access of dignity had turned it in this direction. (*Aside.*)

DUCH. Unfortunately, if I am not mistaken, there appears to be some little doubt as to His Majesty's whereabouts.

CAS. A doubt as to his whereabouts? Then I may yet be saved!

DON AL. A doubt? Oh dear no—no doubt at all! He is here, in Venice, plying the modest but picturesque calling of a gondolier. I can give you his address—I see him every day! In the entire annals of our history there is absolutely no circumstance so free from all manner of doubt of any kind whatever! Listen, and I'll tell you all about it.

SONG.—GRAND INQUISITOR.

I stole the Prince, and I brought him here,
And left him, gaily prattling
With a highly respectable gondolier,
Who promised the Royal babe to rear,
And teach him the trade of a timoneer
With his own beloved bratling.

Both of the babes were strong and stout,
And, considering all things, clever.
Of that there is no manner of doubt—
No probable, possible shadow of doubt—
No possible doubt whatever.

Time sped, and when at the end of a year
I sought that infant cherished,
That highly respectable gondolier
Was lying a corpse on his humble bier—

Duke X Duchs [0] Don Alh. X Cas. [0] Luiz [X]

# Duke X Duchs 0 Don alh. X Cas. 0 Luiz X



I dropped a Grand Inquisitor's tear—
That gondolier had perished.

All effect-Orgin

A taste for drink, combined with gout,
Had doubled him up for ever.

Goes L.R. & L.C.

Of *that* there is no manner of doubt—
No probable, possible shadow of doubt—
No possible doubt whatever.

But owing, I'm much disposed to fear,
To his terrible taste for tippling,
That highly respectable gondolier
Could never declare with a mind sincere
Which of the two was his offspring dear,
And which the Royal stripling!

Which was which he could never make out,
Despite his best endeavour.

Goes R.L. & R.

Of *that* there is no manner of doubt—
No probable, possible shadow of doubt—
No possible doubt whatever.

All up for this

The children followed his old career—
(This statement can't be parried)
Of a highly respectable gondolier:
Well, one of the two (who will soon be here)—
But *which* of the two is not quite clear—
Is the Royal Prince you married!

Search in and out and round about
And you'll discover never
A tale so free from every doubt—
All probable, possible shadow of doubt—
All possible doubt whatever! (Dance with footprint & turn on 5th)

Two hods to & by Cas. King, Two do to & by Duchs & Duke
Duke to L. & R. alternately

Duke & Duchs go off L. 1st E.

Cas X R

CAS. Then do you mean to say that I am married to one of two gondoliers, but it is impossible to say which?

DON AL. Without any doubt of any kind whatever. But be reassured: the nurse to whom your husband was entrusted is the mother of the musical young man who is such a past-master of that delicately modulated instrument (*indicatine the drum*). She can, no doubt, establish the King's identity beyond all question.

LUIZ. Heavens, how did he know that?

DON AL. My young friend, a Grand Inquisitor is always up to date. (*to* CAS.) His mother is at present the wife of a highly respectable and old-established brigand, who carries on an extensive practice in the mountains around Cordova. Accompanied by two of my emissaries, he will set off at once for his mother's address. She will return with them, and if she finds any difficulty in making up her mind, the persuasive influence of the torture chamber will jog her memory.

Duch O Duke X Luiz O Freeds

Cas. O Don X

# Don X Duch O Duke X Cas. O Luiz X

Don Alh. Duch, Duke, & Cas. Exit R I E. Luiz takes Gondola off, previously kissing Cas. hand — Through Symphony

Enter Chorus — when music starts — in twos followed by Marco & Gianetta, & Giuseppe & Tessa last — Chorus take up original groups Tessa & Gianetta are congratulated by the Ladies nearest them — Marco & Giuseppe have rosettes on arms

(5) Every body for Bride & groom & bride



## RECITATIVE.

CAS. But, bless my heart, consider my position!
I am the wife of one, that's very clear;
But who can tell, except by intuition,
Which is the Prince, and which the Gondolier? (Luiz rises)

Takes Cas. hand

DON AL. Submit to Fate without unseemly wrangle:
Such complications frequently occur—
Life is one closely complicated tangle:
Death is the only true unraveller! (Takes stage R

Others come down

## QUINTETTE.

# CASILDA, DUCHESS, LUIZ, DUKE, INQUISITOR.

Try we life-long, we can never
Straighten out life's tangled skein,
Why should we, in vain endeavour,
Guess and guess and guess again?
Life's a pudding full of plums,
Care's a canker that benumbs.
Wherefore waste our elocution
On impossible solution?
Life's a pleasant institution,
Let us take it as it comes!

Set aside the dull enigma,
We shall guess it all too soon;
Failure brings no kind of stigma—
Dance we to another tune!
String the lyre and fill the cup,
Lest on sorrow we should sup.
Hop and skip to Fancy's fiddle,
Hands across and down the middle—
Life's perhaps the only riddle
That we shrink from giving up!

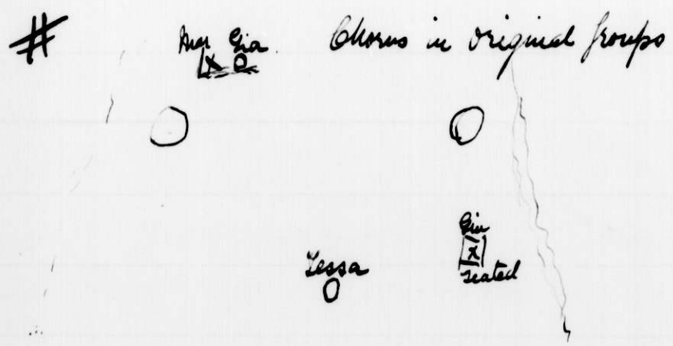
Scale ready to take Gondola off

(~~Exeunt all except GRAND INQUISITOR into Ducal Palace.~~)

(*Enter Gondoliers and Contadine, followed by* MARCO, GIANETTA, GIUSEPPE, *and* TESSA.)

## CHORUS.

Bridegroom and bride!
Knot that's insoluble,
Voices all voluble
Hail it with pride.
Bridegroom and bride!
Hail it with merriment;
It's an experiment
Frequently tried.






Bridegroom and bride!
Bridegrooms all joyfully,
Brides, rather coyfully,
Stand at their side.
Bridegroom and bride!
We in sincerity,
Wish you prosperity,
Bridegroom and bride!

Mus. & Gia. down stage R; Giu & Tessa L

Groups

SONG.—TESSA.

#

When a merry maiden marries,
Sorrow goes and pleasure tarries;
Every sound becomes a song,
All is right and nothing's wrong!
From to-day and ever after
Let our tears be tears of laughter.
Every sigh that finds a vent
Be a sigh of sweet content!
When you marry merry maiden,
Then the air with love is laden;
Every flower is a rose,
Every goose becomes a swan,
Every kind of trouble goes
Where the ~~last year~~ winter's snows have gone!
Sunlight takes the place of shade
When you marry merry maid!

Tessa goes to Giu during Symp.

When a merry maiden marries
Sorrow goes and pleasure tarries;
Every sound becomes a song—
All is right, and nothing's wrong.
Gnawing Care and aching Sorrow
Get ye gone until to-morrow;
Jealousies in grim array,
Ye are things of yesterday!
When you marry merry maiden,
Then the air with joy is laden;
All the corners of the earth
Ring with music sweetly played,
Worry is melodious mirth,
Grief is joy in masquerade;
Sullen night is laughing day—
All the year is merry May!

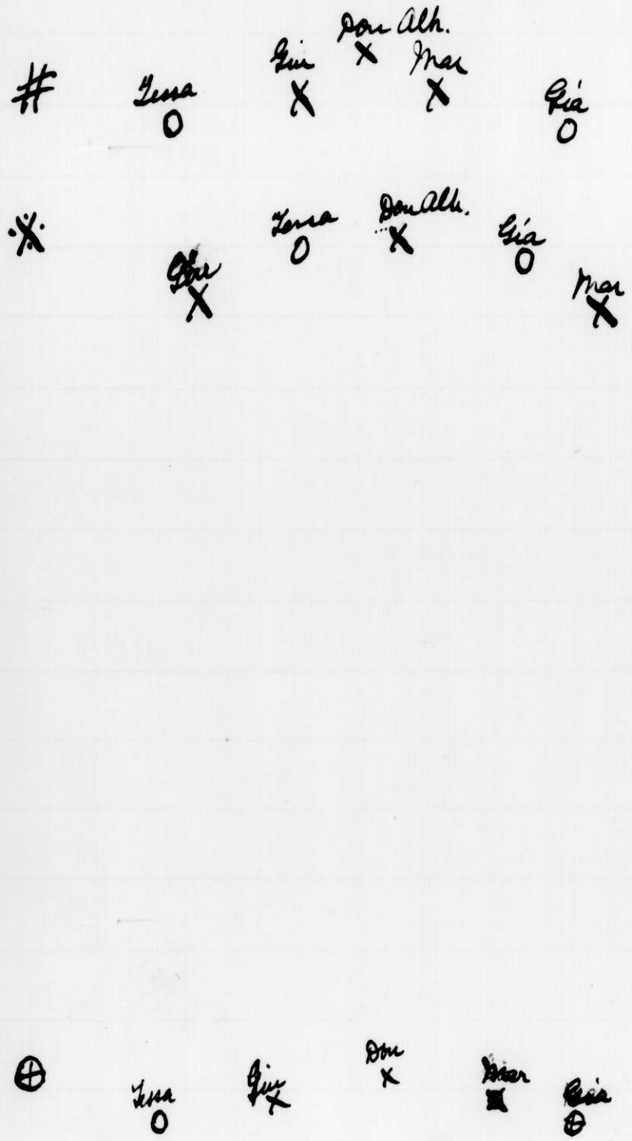
Giu gets up & goes to Tessa C

1st batch of Chorus exit during Sym. R. L. W E R 3 E

(*At the end of the song,* DON ALHAMBRA *enters at back. The Gondoliers and Contadine shrink from him, and gradually go off, much alarmed.*)

Coming to R. C.

GIU. And now our lives are going to begin in real earnest! What's a bachelor? A mere nothing—he's a chrysalis. He can't be said to live—he exists. (Exit 2nd batch of Chorus R & L W E)






80

Embracing
3rd Bath Boy

MAR. What a delightful institution marriage is! Why have we wasted all this time? Why didn't we marry ten years ago?

TESS. Because you couldn't find anybody nice enough.

GIA. Because you were waiting for *us*. (3rd bath of Clown exit)

MAR. I suppose that *was* the reason. We were waiting for you without knowing it. (DON ALHAMBRA *comes forward.*) ~~Hallo Don Alh.~~ Good morning

GIU. If this gentleman is an undertaker, it is a bad omen.

DON AL. ~~Good morning~~. Festivities of some sort going on?

GIU. (*aside*) He *is* an undertaker! (*aloud*) No—a little unimportant family gathering. Nothing in *your* line.

DON AL. Somebody's birthday, I suppose?

~~Tessa Gia.~~ Yes, mine! looks R

~~Giu Tess.~~ And mine! looks L

~~Giu Gia.~~ And mine! looks R

MAR. And mine! looks L

DON AL. Dear me Curious coincidence! And how old may you all be?

TESS. It's a rude question—but about ten minutes.

DON AL. Surely remarkably fine Children - but you are jesting?

TESS. In other words, we were married about ten minutes since. (Embrace)

DON AL. Married! You don't mean to say you are married?

MAR. Oh yes, we are married.

DON AL. What, both of you?

GIA. All four of us.

DON AL. (*aside*). Bless my heart, how extremely awkward! goes up Stage

GIA. You don't mind, I suppose?

Coming forward
Giu goes C

TESS. You were not thinking of either of us for yourself, I presume? Oh, Giuseppe, look at him—he was! He's heartbroken!

DON AL. No, no I wasn't! I wasn't! (*aside*) ~~What will the Duke say?~~

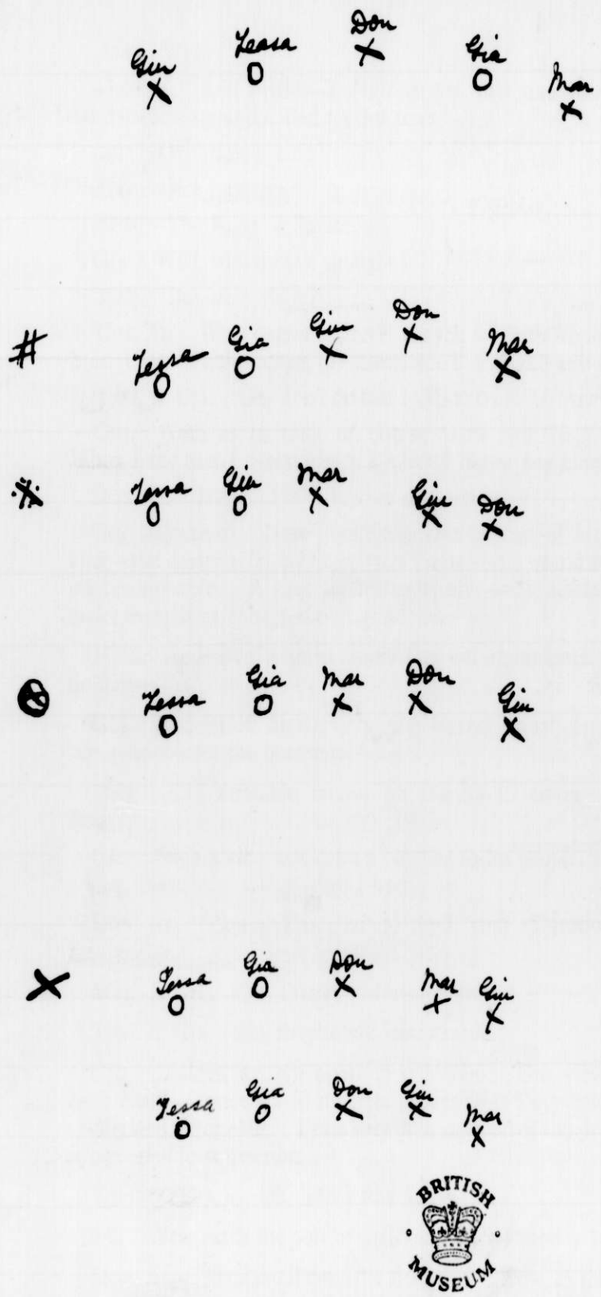
GIU. Now, my man (*slapping him on the back*), we don't want anything in your line to-day, and if your curiosity's satisfied—you can go

DON AL. You mustn't call me your man. It's a liberty. I don't think you know who I am.

GIU. Not we, indeed! We are jolly gondoliers, the sons of Baptisto Palmieri, who led the last revolution. Republicans, heart and soul, we hold all men to be equal. As we abhor oppression, we abhor kings: as we detest vain-glory, we detest rank: as we despise effeminacy, we despise wealth. We are Venetian gondoliers—your equals in everything except our calling, and in that at once your masters and your servants.

Takes Stage R. Snapping fingers

DON AL. Bless my heart, how unfortunate! because One of you may be ~~Baptisto's~~ the son, the Baptisto Palmieri for anything I know to the contrary; but the other is no less a personage than the only son of the late King of Barataria.




BRITISH MUSEUM



ALL. What!

DON AL. And I trust—I *trust* it was that one who slapped me on the shoulder and called me his man!

GIU. One of us a king!
MAR. Not brothers!
TESS. The King of Barataria!
GIA. Well, who'd have thought it!
*Together.*

MAR. But which is it?

DON AL. What does it matter? As you are both Republicans, and hold kings in abhorrence, of course you'll abdicate at once (*going*).

TESS. & GIA. Oh, don't do that! (MARCO *and* GIUSEPPE *stop him.*)

GIU. As to that, of course there are kings and kings. When I say that I detest kings, I mean I detest *bad* kings.

DON AL. I see. It's a delicate distinction.

GIU. Quite so. Now I can conceive a kind of king—an ideal king—the creature of my fancy, you know—who would be absolutely unobjectionable. A king, for instance, who would abolish taxes and make everything cheap, except gondolas—

MAR. And give a great many free entertainments to the gondoliers—

GIU. And let off fireworks on the Grand Canal, and engage all the gondolas for the occasion—

MAR. And scramble money on the Rialto among the gondoliers.

GIU. Such a king would be a blessing to his people, and if I were a king, that is the sort of king I would be.

DON AL. Come, I'm glad to find your objections are not insuperable.

MAR. & GIU. Oh, they're not insuperable.

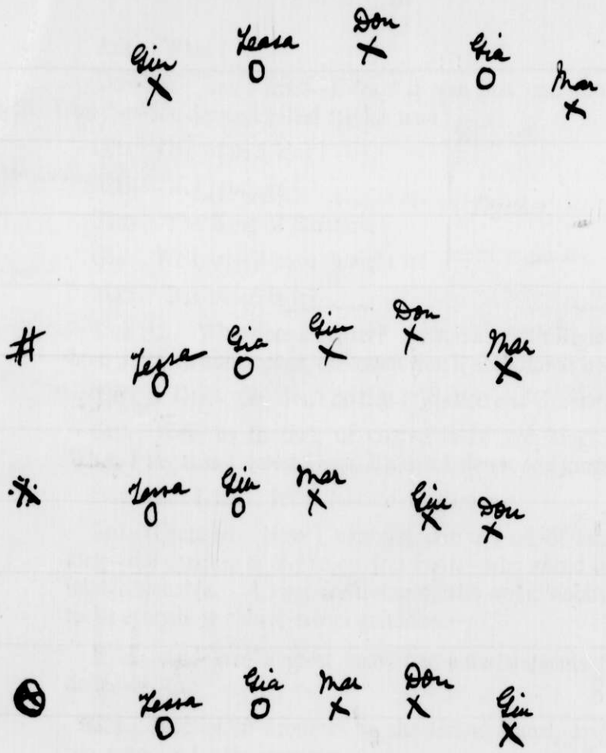
TESS. & GIA. No, they're not insuperable.

GIU. Besides, we are open to conviction. Our views may have been hastily formed on insufficient grounds. They may be crude, ill-digested, erroneous. I've a very poor opinion of the politician who is not open to conviction.

TESS. (*to* GIA.). Oh, he's a fine fellow!

GIA. Yes, that's the sort of politician for *my* money!

DON. AL. Then we'll consider it settled. Now, as the country is in a state of insurrection, it is absolutely necessary that you should assume the reins of Government at once; and, until it is ascertained which of you is to be king, I have arranged that you will reign jointly, so that no question can arise hereafter as to the validity of any of your acts.




BRITISH MUSEUM



ALL. What!

DON AL. And I trust—I *trust* it was that one who slapped me on the shoulder and called me his man!

GIU. One of us a king!
MAR. Not brothers!
TESS. The King of Barataria!
GIA. Well, who'd have thought it!
*Together.*

X over to Tessa R

MAR. But which is it? (Mar & Gin goes C)

DON AL. What does it matter? As you are both Republicans, and hold kings in abhorrence, of course you'll abdicate at once (*going*) Good morning

TESS. & GIA. Oh, don't do that! (MARCO *and* GIUSEPPE *stop him.*)

Marco goes R

GIU. Don't lie on such a hurry, as to that, of course there are kings and kings. When I say that I detest kings, I mean I detest *bad* kings. Brings Don Alh down L

DON AL. I see. It's a delicate distinction.

GIU. Quite so. Now I can conceive a kind of king—an ideal king—the creature of my fancy, you know—who would be absolutely unobjectionable. A king, for instance, who would abolish taxes and make everything cheap, except gondolas—

Don Alh goes C. Mar comes C

MAR. And give a great many free entertainments to the gondoliers—

GIU. And let off fireworks on the Grand Canal, All do Bas, in imitation of Fire Works and engage all the gondolas for the occasion—

MAR. And scramble money on the Rialto among the gondoliers.

Slaps Don Alh. shoulder

GIU. Such a king would be a blessing to his people, and if I were a king, that is the sort of king I would be.

DON AL. Come, I'm glad to find your objections are not insuperable.

MAR. & GIU. Oh, they're not insuperable.

Meeting Don Alh
Coming C

TESS. & GIA. No, they're not insuperable.

GIU. Besides, we are open to conviction. Our views may have been hastily formed on insufficient grounds. Tess & Gia. Yes they are open to Conviction They may be crude, ill-digested, erroneous. I've a very poor opinion of the politician who is not open to conviction.

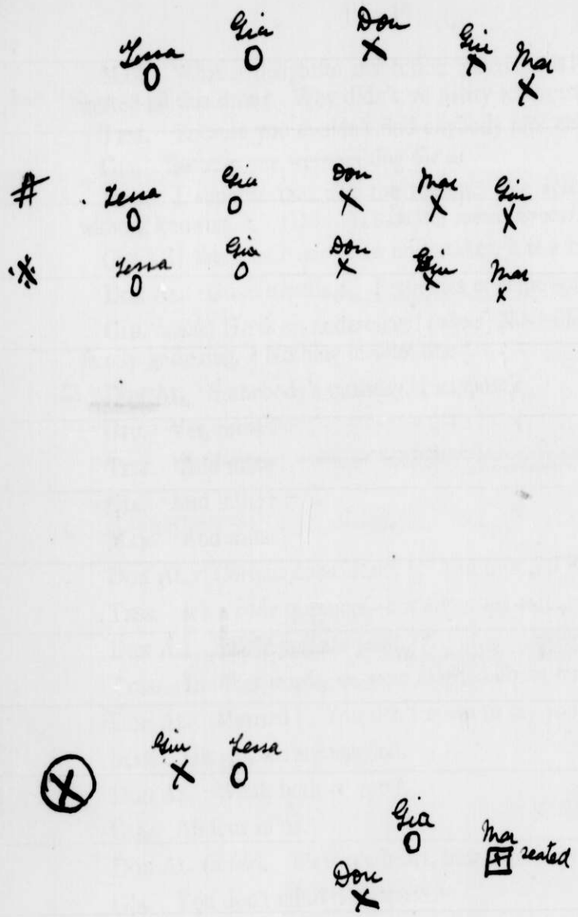
TESS. (*to* GIA.). Oh, he's a fine fellow!

GIA. Yes, that's the sort of politician for *my* money!

Shakes hand

Tessa & Gia delighted

DON. AL. Then we'll consider it settled. Now, as the country is in a state of insurrection, it is absolutely necessary that you should assume the reins of Government at once; and, until it is ascertained which of you is to be king, I have arranged that you will reign jointly, so that no question can arise hereafter as to the validity of any of your acts.






MAR. As one individual?

DON AL. As one individual.

GIU. (*linking himself with* MARCO). Like this? (Girls do same

DON AL. Something like that. (shake hands)

Coming C MAR. And we may take our friends with us, and give them places about the Court?

DON AL. Undoubtedly.—That's always done

MAR. I'm convinced! (shakes hand and goes L

GIU. So am I!

TESS. Then the sooner we're off the better.

GIA. We'll just run home and pack up a few things (*going*) R/E

DON AL. Stop, stop. Not ~~That won't do at all. We can't have any ladies. (*Aside*) What will Her Majesty say!~~ Ladies are not admitted

ALL. What!

DON AL. Not at present. Afterwards, perhaps. We'll see. (Chuckles)

X to Tessa R Gia X to Marco L GIU. Why, you don't mean to say you are going to separate us from our wives!

DON AL. (*aside*). This is very awkward! (*aloud*) Only for a time—a few months. After all, what is a few months?

TESS. But we've only been married half an hour! (*weeps.*) Goes up stage with Gia)

SONG.—GIANETTA. (to Don Al)

Kind sir, you cannot have the heart
Our lives to part
From those to whom an hour ago
We were united!
Before our flowing hopes you stem,
Ah, look at them,
And pause before you deal this blow,
All uninvited!
You men can never understand,
That heart and hand
Cannot be separated when
We go a-yearning;
You see, you've only women's eyes
To idolize,
And only women's hearts, poor men,
To set *you* burning!
Ah me, you men will never understand
That woman's heart is one with woman's hand!

Don kisses her hand

Some kind of charm you seem to find
In womankind—
Some source of unexplained delight
(Unless you're jesting),

Gondola Ready  Gia X  Tessa O  Don X  Gia O  Mar X

#  Gia X  Tessa O  Gia O  Mar X

#  Gia O  Mar X  Gia X  Tessa O

Every body for Finale





But what attracts you, I confess,
I cannot guess,
To me a woman's face is quite
Uninteresting!
If from my sister I were torn,
It could be borne—
I should, no doubt, be horrified,
But I could bear it;—
To Marco, his arm round her waist — But Marco's quite another thing—
He is my King,
He has my heart and none beside
Shall ever share it!
Gets away from him — Ah me, you men will never understand
That woman's heart is one with woman's hand! (Embraces Marco)

## FINALE.

RECIT.—Grand Inquisitor.

Sle get up — Do not give way to this uncalled-for grief,
Your separation will be very brief.
To ascertain which is the King
And which the other,
To Barataria's Court I'll bring
His foster-mother;
Her former nurseling to declare
She'll be delighted.
That settled, let each happy pair
Be reunited. (Gets up Stage C)

Gondola brought on for Don Alh.

# Mar., Giu., Tess., Gia. Viva! His argument is strong!
Viva! We'll not be parted long!
Viva! It will be settled soon!
Viva! Then comes our honeymoon!
[*Exit* Don Alhambra in Gondola]

QUARTETTE.—Tessa, Gianette, Marco, Giuseppe.

Gia & Tessa go up dancing — Gia. Then one of us will be a Queen,
And sit on a golden throne,
With a crown instead
Of a hat on her head,
And diamonds all her own!
Gia & Marco go R. — With a beautiful robe of gold and green,
I've always understood;
I wonder whether
She'd wear a feather?
I rather think she should!
all down — # All. Oh 'tis a glorious thing, I ween,
To be a regular Royal Queen!
No half-and-half affair, I mean,
But a right-down regular Royal Queen!
bus with hands at

Gia O Mar X Gin X Tessa O

# Gin X Tessa O Gia O Mar X

⊗ Gia O Mar X Gin X Tessa O

For Attitude thus Gin X Tessa O Gia O Mar X

For dance, go up Stage - ~~hands~~ stretched out, Mach hands - ~~down~~ stretch arms down, & up Stage - down again - same bus - back to Centre and finish wildly the Chorus who have entered from R & L UE begin to sing - in Circles

⊗ Tessa O Gin X Gia O Mar X



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Tessa & Gin go up dancing and down R

MAR. She'll drive about in a carriage and pair,
With the King on her left-hand side,
And a milkwhite horse,
As a matter of course,
Whenever she wants to ride!

Goes L

With beautiful silver shoes to wear
Upon her dainty feet;
With endless stocks
Of beautiful frocks
And as much as she wants to eat!

ALL. # Oh 'tis a glorious thing, I ween, &c.

{walking L & back R. CTESS. Marco & Gia up stage dancing}

Whenever she condescends to walk,
Be sure she'll shine at that,
With her haughty stare,
And her nose in the air,
Like a well-born aristocrat!

Comes C, walk and bows of greeting Gin gets L C.

At elegant high society talk
She'll bear away the bell,
With her "How de do?"
And her "How are you?"
And her "Hope I see you well!"

ALL. ⊗ Oh! 'tis a glorious thing, I ween, &c.

Gin goes R. Mar & Gia up stage dancing

And noble lords will scrape and bow,
And double them into two,
And open their eyes
In blank surprise
At whatever she likes to do.

Tessa Seated

And everybody will roundly vow
She's fair as flowers in May,
And say, "How clever!"
At whatsoever
She condescends to say!

Tessa goes R

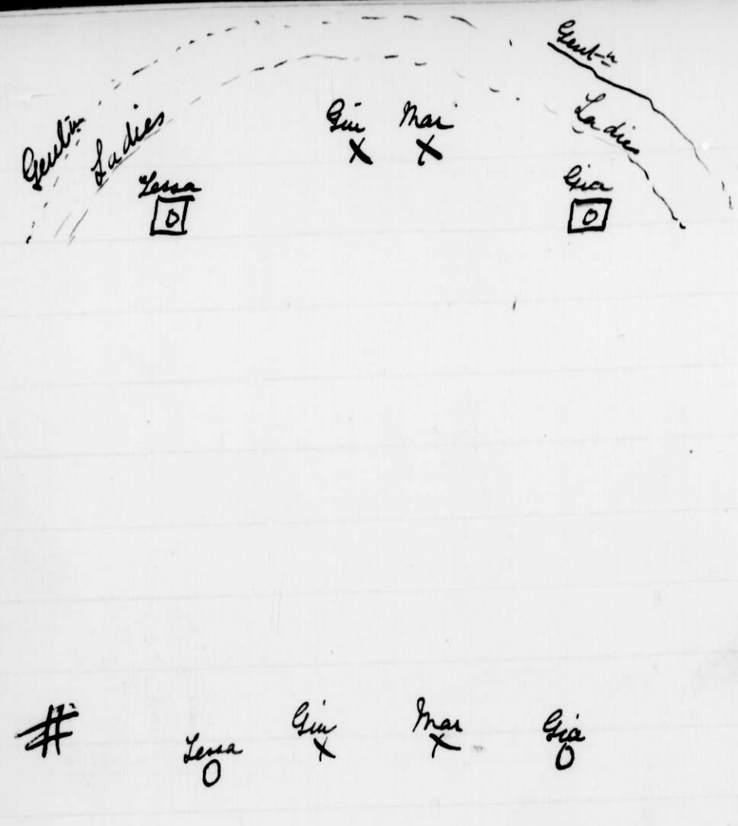
Oh! 'tis a glorious thing, I ween,
To be a regular Royal Queen—
No half-and-half affair, I mean,
But a right-down regular Queen! (Attitude ⊗ before dance)

(*Enter chorus of Gondoliers and Contadine.*)

CHORUS.

Chorus express greatest ⊗ astonishment as they entre

Now, pray, what is the cause of this remarkable hilarity?
This sudden ebullition of unmitigated jollity?
Has anybody blessed you with a sample of his charity—
Or have you been adopted by a gentleman of quality?






Both up stage, hands on shoulders in kingly attitude (movement)

MAR. *and* GIU. Replying, we sing
As one individual,
As I find I'm a king
To my kingdom I bid you **all.**
I'm aware you object
To pavilions and palaces,
But you'll find I respect
Your Republican fallacies.

Shakes hands with one another

In twos

CHORUS. As they know we object
To pavilions and palaces,
How can they respect
Our Republican fallacies?

All up

MARCO *and* GIUSEPPE.

# Marco For ~~anyone~~ all of you who feels inclined, Chorus listen
Some post we undertake to find
Congenial with his peace of mind—
And all shall equal be. (Chorus turn to one another)

Giu The Chancellor in his peruke—
The Earl, the Marquis, and the Dook,
The Groom, the Butler, and the Cook—
They all shall equal be. (Same bus to each verse

Marco The Aristocrat who banks with Coutts,
The Aristocrat who hunts and shoots,
The Aristocrat who cleans our boots—
They all shall equal be!

Giu The Noble Lord who rules the State—
The Noble Lord who cleans the plate—
Marco The Noble Lord who scrubs the grate—
They all shall equal be!

Giu sits

Giu The Lord High Bishop orthodox— (hands up)
The Lord High Coachman on the box— bus of Coachman
Marco The Lord High Vagabond in the stocks— bus of Vagabond in stocks
They all shall equal be!

Giu stands up

both Sing high, sing low,
Wherever they go,
They all shall equal be!

CHORUS. (action) Sing high, sing low,
Wherever they go,
They all shall equal be!

Tessa O  Gin X  Mar X  Gia O

Gig

Dance

Together L & R four times - then
pass one another Ladies L facing R four times
then set to one another to fill out time

For Picture
the four have each
to audience

O Tessa Kneeling  Gin X  Mar X  O Gia Kneeling

#  Tessa O  Gin X  Mar X  Gia O

%  Gia O  Mar X  Tess O Kneeling  Gin X



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Principals dance Chorus hands & fingers thro' this

The Earl, the Marquis, and the Dook,
The Groom, the Butler, and the Cook,
The Aristocrat who banks with Coutts,
The Aristocrat who cleans the boots,
The Noble Lord who rules the State,
The Noble Lord who scrubs the grate,
The Lord High Bishop orthodox,
The Lord High Vagabond in the stocks—
Sing high, sing low,
Wherever they go,
They all shall equal be! (Mar & Gin fall down C)

Mar & Gin down Stage C

Then hail! O King,
Whichever you may be,
To you we sing,
But do not bend the knee.
It may be thou—
Likewise it may be thee—
So hail! O King,
Whichever you may be! (at end thro' Sym

Picture Principals

Chorus dance thro' sym. then break up, and get into Groups

MARCO *and* GIUSEPPE (*together*).

both act alike thro' this, facing audience

#Come ~~Then~~ let's away—our island crown awaits me—
Conflicting feelings rend my soul apart!
The thought of Royal dignity elates me,
But leaving thee behind me breaks my heart! (embrace)

Embrace and pass them over to C

(*Addressing* TESSA *and* GIANETTA.)

TESSA *and* GIANETTA (*together*).

Farewell, my love; on board you must be getting;
But while upon the sea you gaily roam,
Remember that a heart for thee is fretting—
The tender little heart you've left at home! Gia & Mar. X R. Tes & Gia L

% GIA. (R.C.)

Now, Marco dear,
My wishes hear:
While you're away
It's understood
You will be good,
And not too gay.
To every trace
Of maiden grace
You will be blind,
And will not glance
By any chance
On womankind!

BRITISH MUSEUM

See Xebeque ready

Gia O  May X  Tessa O Kneeling  Gia ☒

# May X Gia O  Tessa O Gia X

# Tessa O Gia X  May Gia



If you are wise,
You'll shut your eyes
'Till we arrive,
And not address
A lady less
Than forty-five.
You'll please to frown
On every gown
That you may see;
And, O my pet,
You won't forget
You've married me!

O my darling, O my pet,
Whatever else you may forget,
In yonder isle beyond the sea,
O don't forget you've married me! (Exit up Stage)

TESS. (Kneeling) You'll lay your head
Upon your bed
At set of sun.
You will not sing
Of anything
To any one.
You'll sit and mope
All day, I hope
And shed a tear
Upon the life
Your little wife
Is ~~passing~~ leading here.
And if so be
You think of me,
Please tell the moon:
I'll read it all
In rays that fall
On the lagoon:
You'll be so kind
As tell the wind
How you may be,
And send me words
By little birds
To comfort me!

And O my darling, O my pet,
Whatever else you may forget,
In yonder isle beyond the sea,
O don't forget you've married me!

May & Gia come down for Lucette

Break up Groups

Principals go up Stage & X

CHORUS (*during which a "Xebeque" is hauled alongside the quay from* R U E)

Then away we go to an island fair
That lies in a Southern sea:
We know not where, and we don't much care,
Wherever that isle may be.

For Second Picture Xebeque & fenders all Clear

Gia on Steps

Tessa on Steps



THE MEN (*hauling on boat*). One, two, three,
Haul!
One, two, three,
Haul!
One, two, three,
Haul!
With a will! (Three Gondoliers get in boat & arange)

men do hauling action

ALL. Then away we go, etc.

SOLO.—MARCO. Coming down stage

Away we go
To a balmy isle,
Where the roses blow
All the winter while.

ALL. Then pull, yeo ho! and again yeo ho! (*hoisting sail.*)
And again yeo ho! with a will!
When the breezes are a-blowing,
Then our ship will be a-going,
When they don't we shall all stand still!

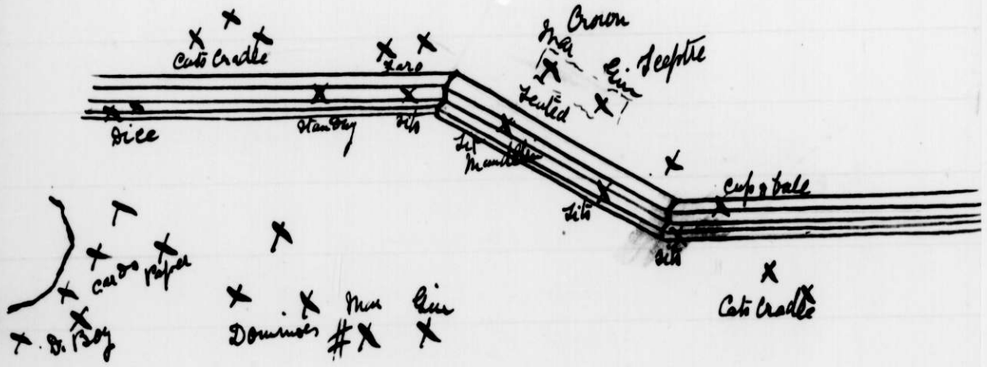
Sail hauled up

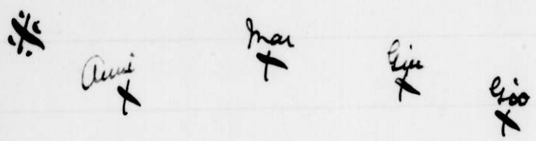
And away we go to the island fair,
That lies in a southern sea,
We / They } know not where, and { we / they } don't much care
Wherever that isle may be!

(*The men embark on the "Xebeque."* MARCO *and* GIUSEPPE *embracing* GIANETTA *and* TESSA. *The girls wave a farewell to the men as the curtain falls.*) Some weeping

See Canvas on Stern of Boat

END OF ACT I.



(1) Chorus Gents
Marco & Giuseppe



## ACT II.

SCENE.—*Pavilion in the Court of Barataria.* MARCO *and* GIUSEPPE, *magnificently dressed, are seated on two thrones, occupied in cleaning the crown and the sceptre. The gondoliers are discovered dressed, some as courtiers, officers of rank, &c., and others as private soldiers and servants of various degrees. All are enjoying themselves without reference to social distinctions—some playing cards, others throwing dice, some reading, others playing cup and ball, "morra," &c.*

### CHORUS.

Of happiness the very pith
In Barataria you may see:
A monarchy that's tempered with
Republican Equality.
This form of government we find
The beau ideal of its kind—
A despotism strict, combined
With absolute equality!

with crown
MARCO *and* GIUSEPPE. with sceptre

Come down in Hats & Feathers

Two kings, of undue pride bereft,
Who act in perfect unity,
Whom you can order right and left
With absolute impunity.
Who put their subjects at their ease
By doing all they can to please!
And thus, to earn their bread-and-cheese,
Seize every opportunity. (Return to throne)

Chorus hat carelessly over shoulder
Same as above

MAR. Gentlemen, we are much obliged to you for your expressions of satisfaction and good-feeling. We are delighted, at any time, to fall in with sentiments so charmingly expressed.

GIU. At the same time there is just one little grievance that we should like to ventilate.

ALL (*angrily*). What!

Mar & Giu get off & Come down

GIU. Don't be alarmed—it's not serious. It is arranged that, until it is decided which of us two is the actual King, we are to act as one person.

GIORGIO. Exactly.

GIU. Now, although we act as *one* person, we are, in point of fact, *two* persons.

ANNIBALE. Ah, I don't think we can go into that. It is a legal fiction, and legal fictions are solemn things. Situated as we are, we can't recognize two independent responsibilities.

Anni Mar Giu Gio

# Anni Giu Mar Gio

Giu. Marco strolls off R 2 E



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X. R.

GIU. No; but you can recognize two independent appetites. It's all very well to say we act as one person, but when you supply us with only one ration between us, I should describe it as a legal fiction carried a little too far.

# ANNI. It's rather a nice point. I don't like to express an opinion off-hand. Suppose we reserve it for argument before the full Court?

MAR. Yes, but what are we to do in the meantime? Giu. Want our tea

ANNI. I think we may make an interim order for double rations on their Majesties entering into the usual undertaking to indemnify in the event of an adverse decision? Giu Oh thank you

Giu goes to

GIORGIO. That, I think, will meet the case. But you must work hard—stick to it—nothing like work.

GIU. Oh, certainly. We quite understand that a man who holds the magnificent position of King should do something to justify it. We are called "Your Majesty," we are allowed to buy ourselves magnificent clothes, our subjects frequently nod to us in the streets, the sentries always return our salutes, and we enjoy the inestimable privilege of heading the subscriptions to all the principal charities. In return for these advantages the least we can do is to make ourselves useful about the Palace.

SONG.—GIUSEPPE. C

Rising early in the morning,
We proceed to light our fire,
Then our Majesty adorning
In its work-a-day attire,
We embark without delay
On the duties of the day.

First, we polish off some batches
Of political despatches,
And foreign politicians circumvent;
Then, if business isn't heavy,
We may hold a Royal *levée*,
Or ratify some Acts of Parliament.
Then we probably review the household troops—
With the usual "Shalloo humps!" and "Shalloo hoops!"
Or receive with ceremonial and state
An interesting Eastern potentate.
After that we generally
Go and dress our private *valet*—
(It's a rather nervous duty—he's a touchy little man)—
Write some letters literary
For our private secretary—
He is shaky in his spelling, so we help him if we can.
Then, in view of cravings inner,
We go down and order dinner;

Shoulder Arms with Legato

Giu

X

Giu Dances thro' Chorus and finishes on his Seat on platform.

#  Mar X  Giu X

X  Giu X  Mar X

(2) Chorus Ladies & Eccs. & Tenors





arranging Chorus Gentlemen Dress

Then we polish the Regalia and the Coronation Plate—
Spend an hour in titivating
All our Gentlemen-in-Waiting;
Or we run on little errands for the Ministers of State.

Dances thro' Chorus

Oh, philosophers may sing
Of the troubles of a King;
Yet the duties are delightful, and the privileges great;
But the privilege and pleasure
That we treasure beyond measure
Is to run on little errands for the Ministers of State.

Repeat as Chorus

Running to R.C.

After luncheon (making merry
On a bun and glass of sherry),
If we've nothing in particular to do,
We may make a Proclamation,
Or receive a Deputation—
Then we possibly create a Peer or two.
Then we help a fellow-creature on his path
With the Garter or the Thistle or the Bath.
Or we dress and toddle off in semi-State
To a festival, a function, or a *fête*.
Then we go and stand as sentry
At the Palace (private entry),

Marching L

Marching hither, marching thither, up and down and to and fro,
While the warrior on duty
Goes in search of beer and beauty
(And it generally happens that he hasn't far to go).
He relieves us, if he's able,
Just in time to lay the table,
Then we dine and serve the coffee, and at half-past twelve or one,
With a pleasure that's emphatic,
We retire to our attic
With the gratifying feeling that our duty has been done!
Oh, philosophers may sing
Of the troubles of a King,
But of pleasures there are many and of troubles there are none;
And the culminating pleasure
That we treasure beyond measure
Is the gratifying feeling that our duty has been done!

Repeat as Chorus

Chorus rise and Exit R & L

[*Exeunt all but* MARCO *and* GIUSEPPE.

Both come down #

GIU. Yet it really is a very pleasant existence. They're all so extraordinarily kind and considerate. You don't find them wanting to do this, or wanting to do that, or saying "It's my turn now." No, they let us have all the fun to ourselves, and never seem to grudge it.

MAR. It makes one feel quite selfish. It almost seems like taking advantage of their good nature.

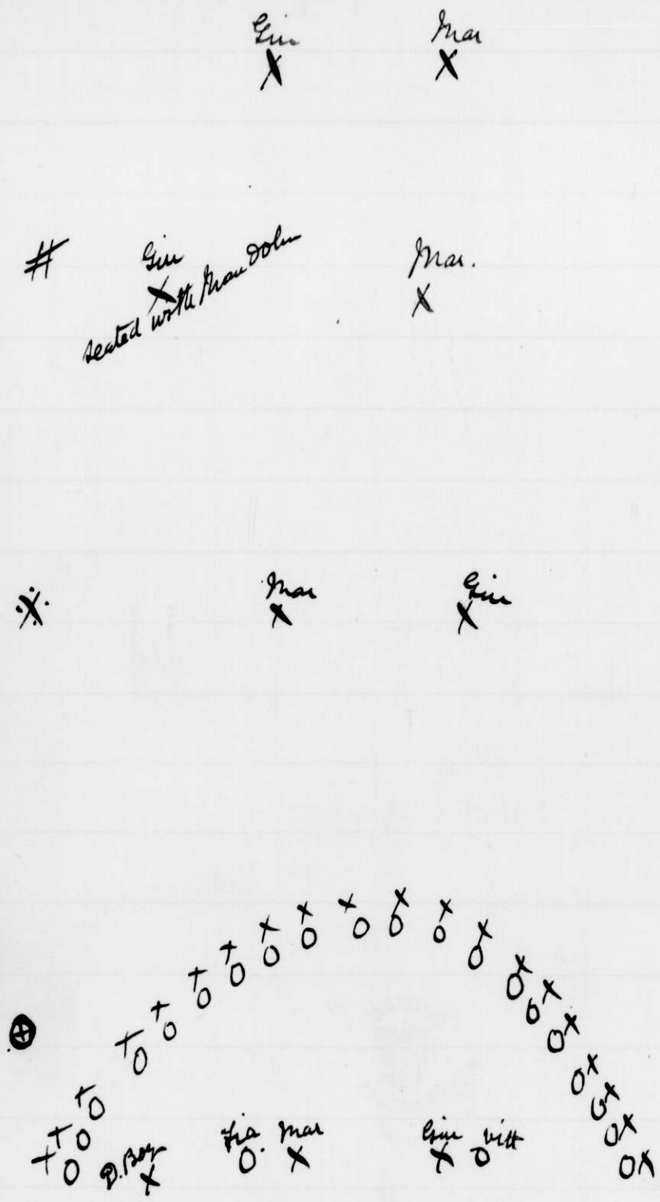
GIU. How nice they were about the double rations.

Xs L

MAR. Most considerate. Ah! there's only one thing wanting to make us thoroughly comfortable—the dear little wives we left behind us three months ago.

X

BRITISH MUSEUM





GIU. Yes It *is* dull without female society. We can do without everything else, but we can't do without that.

MAR. And if we have that in perfection, we have everything. There is only one recipe for perfect happiness.

SONG.—MARCO.

Take a pair of sparkling eyes,
Hidden, ever and anon,
In a merciful eclipse—
Do not heed their mild surprise—
Having passed the Rubicon.
Take a pair of rosy lips;
Take a figure trimly planned—
Such as admiration whets
(Be particular in this);
Take a tender little hand,
Fringed with dainty fingerettes,
Press it—in parenthesis;—
Take all these, you lucky man—
Take and keep them, if you can!

Take a pretty little cot—
Quite a miniature affair—
Hung about with trellised vine,
Furnish it upon the spot
With the treasures rich and rare
I've endeavoured to define.
Live to love and love to live—
You will ripen at your ease,
Growing on the sunny side—
Fate has nothing more to give.
You're a dainty man to please
If you are not satisfied.
Take my counsel, happy man;
Act upon it, if you can!

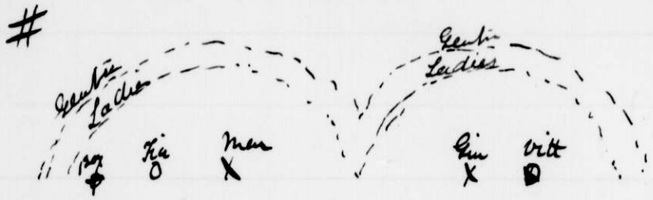
(*Enter Chorus of Contadine, running in, led by* FIAMETTA *and* VITTORIA. *They are met by all the Ex-Gondoliers, who welcome them heartily.*)

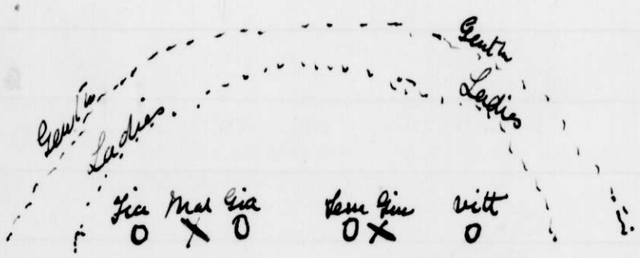
CHORUS OF CONTADINE.

Here we are, at the risk of our lives,
From ever so far, and we've brought your wives—
And to that end we've crossed the main,
And we don't intend to return again!

FIA. Though obedience is strong,
Curiosity's stronger—
We waited for long,
Till we couldn't wait longer.

#






VIT. It's imprudent, we know,
But without your society
Existence was slow,
And we long for variety—

Going down to Circle #

ALL. So here we are, at the risk of our lives,
From ever so far, and we've brought your wives—
And to that end we've crossed the main,
And we don't intend to return again!

Returning and opening Centre

(*Enter* TESSA *and* GIANETTA. *They rush to the arms of* GIUSEPPE *and* MARCO.)

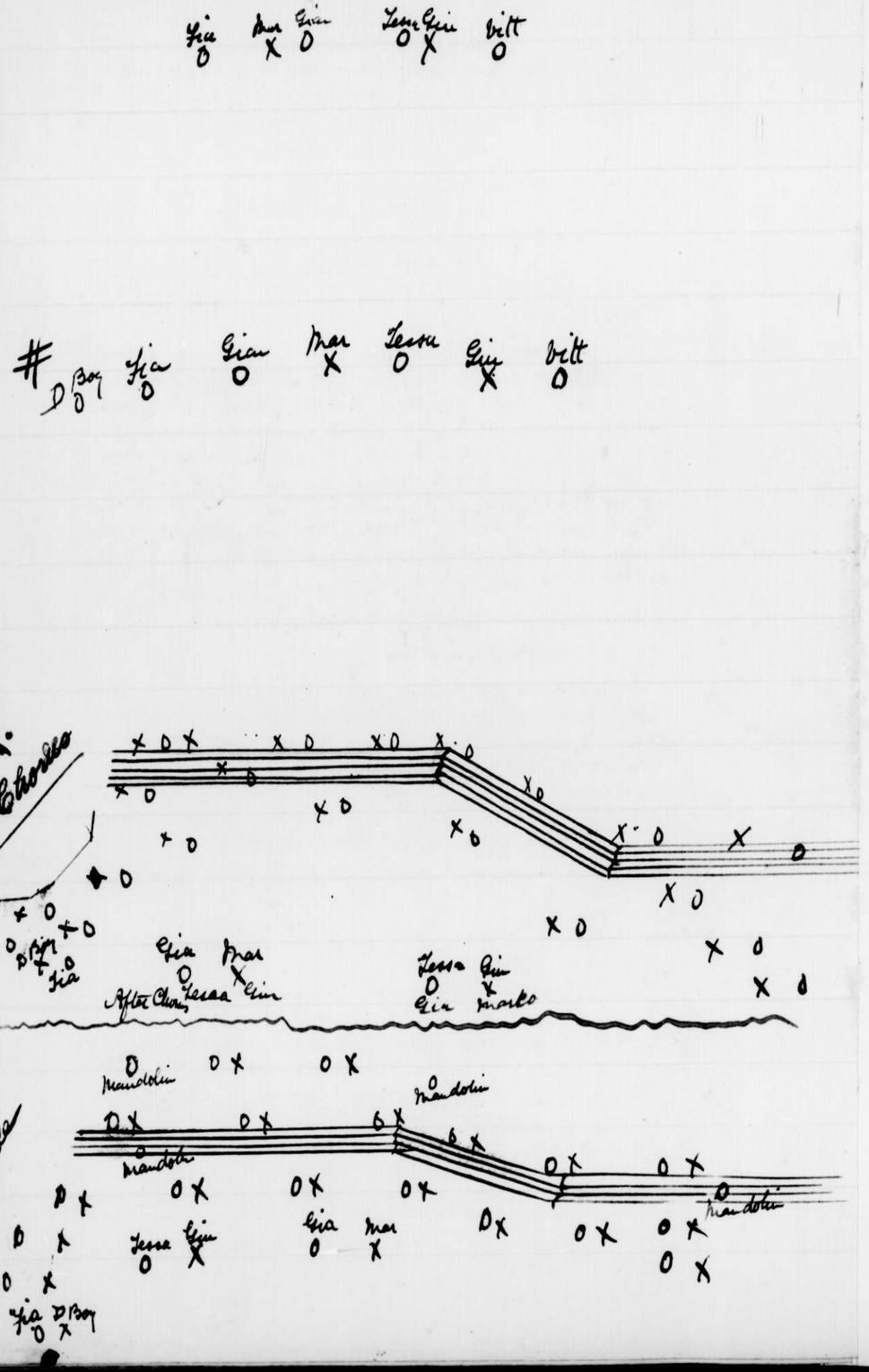
GUI. Tessa!
TESSA. Giuseppe!
GIA. Marco!
MAR. Gianetta!
} *Embrace.*

TESSA *and* GIANETTA. (*Alternate lines.*)

Tessa After sailing to this island—
Gia Tossing in a manner frightful,
Tessa We are all once more on dry land—
Gia And we find the change delightful
Tessa As at home we've been remaining—
We've not seen you both for ages,
Gia Tell me, are you fond of reigning?—
How's the food, and what's the wages?
Tessa Does your new employment please ye?—
Gia How does Royalizing strike you?
Tessa Is it difficult or easy?—
Gia Do you think your subjects like you?
Tessa I am anxious to elicit,
Is it plain and easy steering?
Gia Take it altogether, is it—
Better fun than gondoliering?

CHORUS. Repeat
We shall all go on requesting,
Till you tell us, never doubt it,
Everything is interesting,
Tell us, tell us all about it!

2nd Verse Tessa Is the populace exacting?
Gia Do they keep you at a distance
Tessa All unaided are you acting,
Gia Or do they provide assistance?
Tessa When you're busy, have you got to
Get up early in the morning?
Gia If you do what you ought not to,
Do they give the usual warning?
Tessa With a horse do they equip you?
Gia Lots of trumpeting and drumming?






Tessa Do the Royal tradesmen tip you?
Gia Ain't the livery becoming!
Tessa Does your human being inner
Feed on everything that nice is?
Gia Do they give you wine for dinner?
Peaches, sugar-plums, and ices?

CHORUS. We shall all go on requesting
Till you tell us, never doubt it;
Everything is interesting,
Tell us, tell us all about it!

MAR. This is indeed a most delightful surprise!

TESS. Yes, we thought you'd like it. You see, it was like this: After you left we felt very dull and mopey, and the days crawled by, and you never wrote; so at last I said to Gianetta, "I can't stand this any longer; those two poor Monarchs haven't got any one to mend their stockings or sew on their buttons or patch their clothes—at least, I hope they haven't—let us all pack up a change and go and see how they're getting on." And she said "done," and they all said "done;" and we asked old Giacopo to lend us his boat, and *he* said "done;" and we've crossed the sea, and, thank goodness, *that's* done; and here we are, and—and—*I've* done!

GIA. And now—which of you is King?

TESS. And which of us is Queen?

GIU. That we sha'n't know until Nurse turns up. But never mind that—the question is, how shall we celebrate the commencement of our honeymoon? Gentlemen, will you allow us to offer you a magnificent banquet?

ALL. We will!

GIU. Thanks very much; and what do you say to a dance?

TESS. A banquet *and* a dance! Oh, it's too much happiness!

CHORUS.

We will dance a cachucha, fandango, bolero,
Old Xeres we'll drink—Manzanilla, Montero—
For wine, when it runs in abundance, enhances
The reckless delight of that wildest of dances!
To the pretty pitter-pitter-patter,
And the clitter-clitter-clitter-clatter—
Clitter—clitter—clatter,
Pitter—pitter—patter—
We will dance a cachucha, fandango, bolero;
Old Xeres we'll drink—Manzanilla, Montero;
For wine, when it runs in abundance, enhances
The reckless delight of that wildest of dances!

As Don Alh. enters at back - all exit by nearest entrances - laughing -
Gianetta L. 1 E, Tessa R. 1. E, Giuseppe goes to Throne Marco to Fountain

#

Mar
X
Seated

X

Giu
X
Seated

Don Alh.
X

Mar.
X

Giu
X

Don Alh puts Hat on Throne Chairs,

Mar
X
Seated on Stage

Don Alh.
X
Seated on Platform

Giu
X
on Cushions



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CACHUCHA.

*The dance is interrupted by the unexpected appearance of* DON ALHAMBRA, *who looks on with astonishment.* MARCO *and* GIUSEPPE *appear embarrassed. The others run off.*

#

DON AL. Good evening. Fancy ball?

GIU. No, not exactly. A little friendly dance. That's all.

DON AL. But I saw a groom dancing, and a footman!

GIU. Yes. That's the Lord High Footman.

DON. AL. And, dear me, a common little drummer boy!

MAR. Oh no! That's the Lord High Drummer Boy.

DON AL. But surely, surely the servant's-hall is the place for these gentry?

GIU. Oh dear no! *We* have appropriated the servant's-hall. It's the Royal Apartment, and [redacted] is only accessible by application at the Lord Chamberlain's office

MAR. We really must have some place that we can call our own.

DON AL. (*puzzled*). I'm afraid I'm not quite equal to the intellectual pressure of the conversation.

Comes down Don Alh What?

GIU. You see, the Monarchy has been re-modelled on Republican principles. All departments rank equally, and everybody is at the head of his department.

DON AL. I see. (annoyed)

MAR. I'm afraid you're annoyed.

DON AL. No. I won't say that. It's not quite what I expected.

GIU. I'm awfully sorry.

MAR. So am I.

GIU. By-the-bye, can I offer you anything after your voyage? A plate of maccaroni and a rusk?

DON AL. (*pre-occupied*) No, no—nothing—nothing.

#

GIU. Obliged to be careful?

DON AL. Yes—gout. You see, in every Court there are distinctions that must be observed.

GIU. (*puzzled*). There are, are there?

DON AL. Why, of course. For instance, you wouldn't have a Lord High Chancellor play leapfrog with his own cook.

GIU. Why not?

DON AL. Why not? Because a Lord High Chancellor is a personage of great dignity, who should never, under any circumstances, place himself in the position of being told to tuck in his tuppenny, except by noblemen of his own rank.

GIU. Oh, I take you.

DON AL. For instance, a Lord High Archbishop might tell a Lord High Chancellor to tuck in his tuppenny, but certainly not a cook.

GIU. Not even a Lord High Cook?

DON AL. My good friend, that is a rank that is not recognized at the Lord Chamberlain's office. No, no, it won't do. I'll give you an instance in which the experiment was tried. (Sits on Platform)

Mar. X seated

Don Alh X seated

Gin X seated

(4) Gianetta & Tessa



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SONG.—DON ALHAMBRA.

There lived a King, as I've been told,
In the wonder-working days of old,
When hearts were twice as good as gold,
And twenty times as mellow.
Good-temper triumphed in his face,
And in his heart he found a place
For all the erring human race
And every wretched fellow.
When he had Rhenish wine to drink
It made him very sad to think
That some, at junket or at jink,
Must be content with toddy. (Mar & Gin repeat) (Scotch attitude)
He wished all men as rich as he
(And he was rich as rich could be),
So to the top of every tree
Promoted everybody.

MAR. & GIU. (to one another) Now, that's the kind of King for me—
He wished all men as rich as he,
So to the top of every tree
Promoted everybody! (Don Alh keeps time with his head and hands)

Lord Chancellors were cheap as sprats,
And Bishops in their shovel hats
Were plentiful as tabby cats—
In point of fact, too many.
Ambassadors cropped up like hay,
Prime Ministers and such as they
Grew like asparagus in May,
And Dukes were three a penny. (Mar & Gin both arms up)
On every side Field Marshals gleamed,
Small beer were Lords Lieutenant deemed
With Admirals the ocean teemed
All round his wide dominions.
And Party Leaders you might meet
In twos and threes in every street
Maintaining, with no little heat,
Their various opinions.

MAR. & GIU. (to one another) Now that's a sight you couldn't beat—
Two Party Leaders in each street
Maintaining, with no little heat,
Their various opinions! (Don Alh keeps time as before)

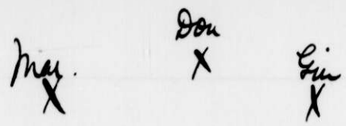
Ale get up and come down C.

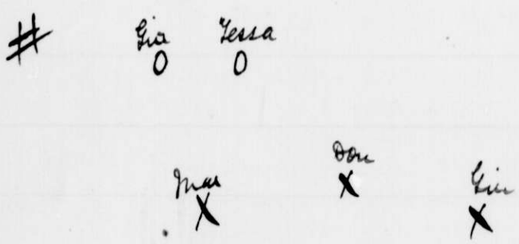
#

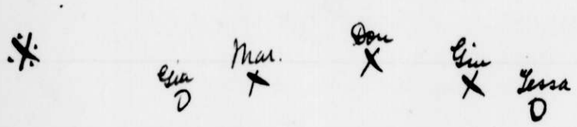
That King, although no one denies
His heart was of abnormal size,
Yet he'd have acted otherwise
If he had been acuter.
The end is easily foretold,
When every blessed thing you hold
Is made of silver, or of gold,
You long for simple pewter.

# Mar X Don A. X Gin X

BRITISH MUSEUM






When you have nothing else to wear
But cloth of gold and satins rare,
For cloth of gold you cease to care—
Up goes the price of shoddy.
In short, whoever you may be,
To this conclusion you'll agree,
When everyone is somebodee,
Then no one's anybody!

MAR. & GIU. Now that's as plain as plain can be,
To this conclusion we agree—
When every one is somebodee,
Then no one's anybody!

(TESSA *and* GIANETTA *enter unobserved. The two girls, impelled by curiosity, remain listening at the back of the stage.*)

DON. AL. And now I have some important news to communicate. His Grace the Duke of Plaza-Toro, Her Grace the Duchess, and their beautiful daughter Casilda—I say their beautiful daughter Casilda—have arrived at Barataria, and may be here at any moment.

MAR. The Duke and Duchess are nothing to us.

DON AL. But the daughter—the beautiful daughter! Aha! Oh, you're a lucky fellow, one of you!

GIU. I think you're a very incomprehensible old gentleman.

DON AL. Not a bit—I'll explain. Many years ago when you (whichever you are) were a baby, you (whichever you are) were married to a little girl who has grown up to be the most beautiful young lady in Spain. That beautiful young lady will be here to claim you (whichever you are) in half an hour, and I congratulate that one (whichever it is) with all my heart.

MAR. Married when a baby!

TESS. & GIA. (*aside*). Oh!

GIU. But we were married three months ago!

DON AL. One of you—only one. The other (whichever it is) is an unintentional bigamist.

TESS. & GIA. (*coming forward*). Well, upon my word!

DON AL. Eh? Who are these young people?

TESS. Who are we? Why their wives, of course. We've just arrived.

DON AL. Their wives! Oh dear, this is very unfortunate. Oh dear, this complicates matters! Dear, dear, what will the Duchess say?

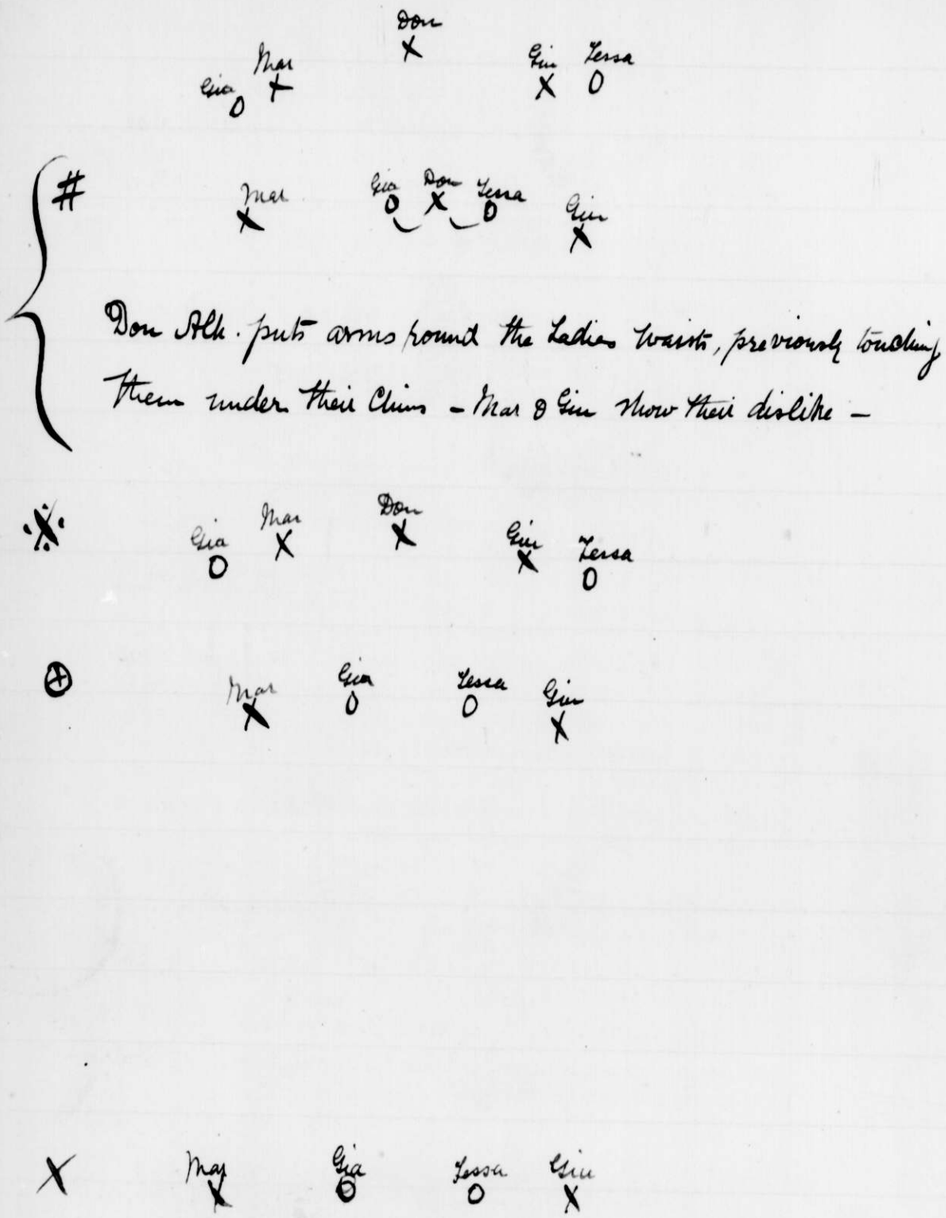
GIA. And do you mean to say that one of these Monarchs was already married?

TESS. And that neither of us will be a Queen?

DON AL. That is the idea I intended to convey. (TESSA *and* GIANETTA *begin to cry.*)

GIU. (*to* TESSA). Tessa, my dear, dear child—

TESS. Get away! perhaps it's you!




(5) Duke, Duch, Casilda, & retainers



By fountain R

both come C

MAR. (*to* GIA.). My poor, poor little woman!

GIA. Don't! Who knows whose husband you are?

TESS. And pray, why didn't you tell us all about it before they left Venice?

DON AL. Because if I had, no earthly temptation would have induced these gentlemen to leave two such extremely fascinating and utterly irresistible little ladies! (Mar & Giu play ladies away)

TESS. There's something in that.

DON AL. I may mention that you will not be kept long in suspense, as the old lady who nursed the Royal child is at present in the Torture Chamber, waiting for me to interview her.

GIU. Poor old girl. Hadn't you better go and put her out of her suspense?

X to R. and Ladies get C

DON AL. Oh no—there's no hurry—she's all right. She has all the illustrated papers. However, I'll go and interrogate her, and, in the meantime, may I suggest the absolute propriety of your regarding yourselves as single young ladies

[*Exit* DON ALHAMBRA. R.I.E.

Gia Well, here's a pleasant state of things!

MAR. Delightful. One of us is married to two young ladies, and nobody knows which; and the other is married to one young lady whom nobody can identify!

GIA. And one of us is married to one of you, and the other is married to nobody.

TESS. But which of you is married to which of us, and what's to become of the other? (*about to cry.*)

GIU. It's quite simple. Two husbands have managed to acquire three wives. Three wives—two husbands (*reckoning up*). That's two-thirds of a husband to each wife.

TESS. O Mount Vesuvius, here we are in arithmetic! My good sir, one can't marry a vulgar fraction!

GIU. You've no right to call me a vulgar fraction.

MAR. We are getting rather mixed. The situation is entangled. Let's try and comb it out.

QUARTETTE.—MARCO, GIUSEPPE, TESSA, GIANETTA.

In a contemplative fashion,
And a tranquil frame of mind,
Free from every kind of passion,
Some solution let us find.
Let us grasp the situation,
Solve the complicated plot—
Quiet, calm deliberation
Disentangles every knot.

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Coming forward TESS. I, no doubt, Giuseppe wedded— THE OTHERS. In a con-
That's, of course, a slice of luck. [templative fashion, &c.
He is rather dunder-headed,
Still distinctly he's a duck. (Gets back)

coming forward GIA. I, a victim too of Cupid, THE OTHERS. Let us grasp
Marco married—that is clear. [the situation, &c.
He's particularly stupid,
Still distinctly, he's a dear. (Gets back

do — MAR. To Gianetta I was mated; THE OTHERS. In a con-
I can prove it in a trice: [templative fashion, &c.
Though her charms are overrated
Still I own she's rather nice. (back)

do GIU. I to Tessa, willy-nilly, THE OTHERS. Let us grasp
All at once a victim fell. [the situation, &c.
She is what is called a silly,
Still she answers pretty well. (back)

MAR. Now when we were pretty babies
Some one married us, that is clear—
GIA. And if I can catch her
I'll pinch her and scratch her,
And sent her away with a flea in her ear.
GIU. He, whom that young lady married,
To receive her can't refuse.
TESS. If I overtake her
I'll warrant I'll make her
To shake in her aristocratical shoes!
GIA. (*to* TESS.) If she married your Giuseppe
You and he will have to part—
TESS. (*to* GIA.) If I have to do it
I'll warrant she'll rue it—
I'll teach her to marry the man of my heart!
TESS. (*to* GIA.) If she married Messer Marco
You're a spinster, that is plain—
GIA. (*to* TESS.) No matter—no matter
If I can get at her
I doubt if her mother will know her again!

ALL turning R. Quiet, calm deliberation
Disentangles every knot!
[*Exeunt, pondering.* Mar. & Gia R.I.E.

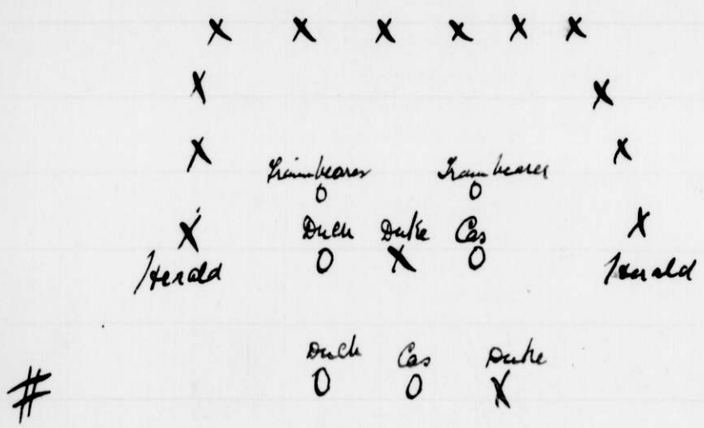
Giu & Tess L.I.E

Enter Retainers from back of stage and get into position

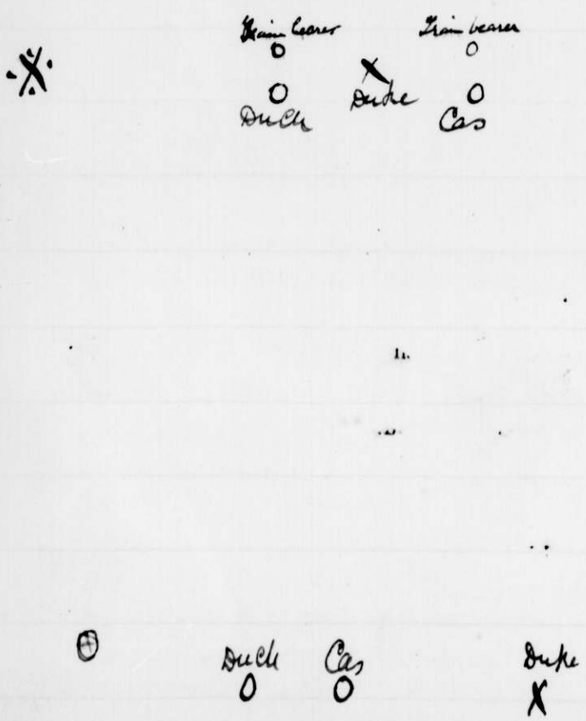
MARCH. *Enter procession of Retainers, heralding approach of* DUKE, DUCHESS, *and* CASILDA. *All three are now dressed with the utmost magnificence.*

CHORUS.

With ducal pomp and ducal pride
(Announce these comers,
O ye kettle-drummers!)
Comes Barataria's high-born bride
(Ye sounding cymbals clang!)




Retainers exeunt two from each entrance



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Duke, Duch, Cas, & Enters at back and comes down c

She comes to claim the Royal hand—
(Proclaim their Graces,
O ye double basses!)
Of the King who rules this goodly land.
(Ye brazen brasses bang!)

joins L #

DUKE. This polite attention touches (Pipe L bass)
Heart of Duke and heart of Duchess,
DUCH. Who resign their pet
Duke With profound regret.
~~Duke~~. Duch She of beauty was a model
Duke When a tiny tiddle-toddle, (Duke has been titivating Cas)
~~Duch~~. Duke And at twenty-one
Duch She's excelled by none!
ALL. With ducal pomp and ducal pride, &c.

joins up L

DUKE (*to his attendants*). Be good enough to inform His Majesty that His Grace the Duke of Plaza-Toro, Limited, has arrived, and begs—

CAS. Desires—

DUCH. Demands—

goes up & comes c

DUKE. And demands an audience. (*Exeunt attendants.*) And now, my child, prepare to receive the husband to whom you were united under such interesting and romantic circumstances.

CAS. But which is it? There are two of them!

DUKE. It is true that at present His Majesty is a double gentleman; but as soon as the circumstances of his marriage are ascertained, he will, *ipso facto*, boil down to a single gentleman—thus presenting a unique example of an individual who becomes a single man and a married man by the same operation.

DUCH. (*severely*). I have known instances in which the characteristics of both conditions existed concurrently in the same individual.

DUKE. Ah, he couldn't have been a Plaza-Toro. Duch Oh: Couldn't he tho'

CAS. Well, whatever happens, I shall of course be a dutiful wife, but I can never love my husband. (breaking down & going to Duke)

DUKE. I don't know. It's extraordinary what unprepossessing people one can love if one gives one's mind to it.

DUCH. I loved your father.

DUKE. My love—that remark is a little hard, I think? Rather cruel, perhaps? Somewhat uncalled for, I venture to believe? (Takes Hats L)

goes L to Cas

DUCH. It was very difficult, my dear; but I said to myself, "That man is a Duke, and I *will* love him." Several of my relations bet me I couldn't, but I did—desperately! (Duke gets round by back)

Duke X  Duke Cas  Trainbearers take off trains thro' Ty



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SONG.—DUCHESS.

On the day when I was wedded
To your admirable sire,
I acknowledge that I dreaded
An explosion of his ire.
I was overcome with panic—
For his temper was volcanic,
And I didn't dare revolt,
For I feared a thunderbolt!
I was always very wary,
For his fury was ecstatic—
His refined vocabulary
Most unpleasantly emphatic.
To the thunder
Of this Tartar
I knocked under
Like a martyr;
When intently
He was fuming,
I was gently
Unassuming—
When reviling
Me completely,
I was smiling
Very sweetly:
Giving him the very best, and getting back the very worst—
That is how I tried to tame your great progenitor—at first | Duke Dances

But I found that a reliance
On my threatening appearance,
And a resolute defiance
Of marital interference,
And a gentle intimation
Of my firm determination
To see what I could do
To be wife and husband too,
Was all that was required
For to make his temper supple,
And you couldn't have desired
A more ~~[illegible]~~ couple. insinuating
Ever willing (going to Duke)
To be wooing,
We were billing—
We were cooing;
When I merely
From him parted
We were nearly
Broken-hearted—

Duke going
Duch detaining him
and fondles him

BRITISH MUSEUM

When in sequel
Reunited,
We were equal-
Ly delighted:
So with double-shotted guns and colours nailed unto the mast,
I tamed your insignificant progenitor—at last!

CAS. My only hope is that when my husband sees what a shady family he has married into he will repudiate the contract altogether.

DUKE. Shady? A nobleman shady, who is blazing in the lustre of unaccustomed pocket-money? A nobleman shady, who can look back upon ninety-five quarterings? It is not every nobleman who is ninety-five quarters in arrear—I mean, who can look back upon ninety-five of them! And this, just as I have been floated at a premium! Oh fie!

DUCH. Your Majesty is surely unaware that directly your Majesty's father came before the public he was applied for over and over again.

DUKE. My dear, her Majesty's father was in the habit of being applied for over and over again—and very urgently applied for, too—long before he was registered under the Limited Liability Act.

RECITATIVE.—DUKE.

To help unhappy commoners, and add to their enjoyment,
Affords a man of noble rank congenial employment;
Of our attempts we offer you examples illustrative:
The work is light, and, I may add, it's most remunerative!

DUET.—DUKE *and* DUCHESS.

DUKE. Small titles and orders
For Mayors and Recorders
I get—and they're highly delighted—
DUCH. They're highly delighted!
DUKE. M.P.'s baronetted,
Sham Colonels gazetted,
And second-rate Aldermen knighted—
DUCH. Yes, Aldermen knighted.
DUKE. Foundation-stone laying
I find very paying:
It adds a large sum to my makings—
DUCH. Large sum to his makings.
DUKE. At charity dinners
The best of speech-spinners,
I get ten per cent. on the takings—
DUCH. One-tenth of the takings.
DUCH. I present any lady
Whose conduct is shady
Or smacking of doubtful propriety—
DUKE. Doubtful propriety.

Cas O seated  Duch O  Duke X

# Cas O  Duke +  Duch O

Cas O seated  Duke X  Duch O



DUCH. When Virtue would quash her,
I take and whitewash her,
And launch her in first-rate society—
DUKE. First-rate society!
DUCH. I recommend acres
Of clumsy dressmakers—
Their fit and their finishing touches—
DUKE. Their finishing touches.
DUCH. A sum in addition
They pay for permission
To say that they make for the Duchess—
DUKE. They make for the Duchess! (twirls thus)

Duch goes up a little

DUKE. Those pressing prevailers,
The ready-made tailors,
Quote me as their great double-barrel—
DUCH. (whisper) Their great double-barrel.
DUKE. I allow them to do so,
Though Robinson Crusoe
Would jib at their wearing apparel!
DUCH. (down stage) Such wearing apparel!
DUKE. I sit, by selection,
Upon the direction
Of several Companies bubble—
DUCH. All Companies bubble!
DUKE. As soon as they're floated
I'm freely bank-noted—
I'm pretty well paid for my trouble! (goes up & R. trips)
DUCH. He's paid for his trouble! Cas down

# DUCH. (trips to) At middle-class party
I play at *écarté*—
And I'm by no means a beginner—
to Cas & brings her down DUKE (*significantly*). She's not a beginner.
DUCH. To one of my station
The remuneration—
Five guineas a-night and my dinner—
DUKE. And wine with her dinner.
DUCH. I write letters blatant
On medicines patent—
And use any other you mustn't—
DUKE. Believe me, you mustn't—
DUCH. And vow my complexion
Derives its perfection
From somebody's soap—which it doesn't—
DUKE (*significantly*). It certainly doesn't!

Cas goes to head R

DUKE. We're ready as witness
To any one's fitness
To fill any place or preferment—
DUCH. A place or preferment.

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DUCH. (X R C.) We're often in waiting
At junket or *fêting*, (Duke X L)
And sometimes attend an interment—
We like an interment. (Turns of Duchess)

DUKE.
BOTH. In short, if you'd kindle
The spark of a swindle,
Lure simpletons into your clutches—
Yes; into your clutches.

Cas. goes up steps to C — Or hoodwink a debtor
You cannot do better

DUCH. Than trot out a Duke or a Duchess—
DUKE. A Duke or a Duchess! (bowing to Cas)

(*Enter* MARCO *and* GIUSEPPE.) (back of stage)

DUKE. Ah! their Majesties. (*Bows with great ceremony.*)

They both come down to shake hands &c — Giu & MAR. The Duke of Plaza-Toro, I believe? (In attitude on platform)

DUKE. The same. (Giu, my good fellow how are you? MARCO *and* GIUSEPPE *offer to shake hands with him. The* DUKE *bows ceremoniously. They endeavour to imitate him.*) Allow me to present—

GIU. The young lady one of us married?

(MARCO *and* GIUSEPPE *offer to shake hands with her.* CASILDA *curtsies formally. They endeavour to imitate her.*)

CAS. Gentlemen, I am the most obedient servant of one of you. (*aside*) Oh, Luiz! (goes R. & is joined by Duchess — Giu & Mar get L)

Coming C behind — DUKE. I am now about to address myself to the gentleman whom my daughter married; the other may allow his attention to wander if he likes, for what I am about to say does not concern him. (both turn & look)

takes Cas. a la Napoleon — Sir, you will find in this young lady a combination of excellences which you would search for in vain in any young lady who had not the good fortune to be my daughter. There is some little doubt as to which of you is the gentleman I am addressing, and which is the gentleman who is allowing his attention to wander: but when that doubt is solved, I shall say (still addressing the attentive gentleman), "Take her, and may she make you happier than her mother has made me."

coming to attention — turn as before coming to attention

DUCH. Sir!

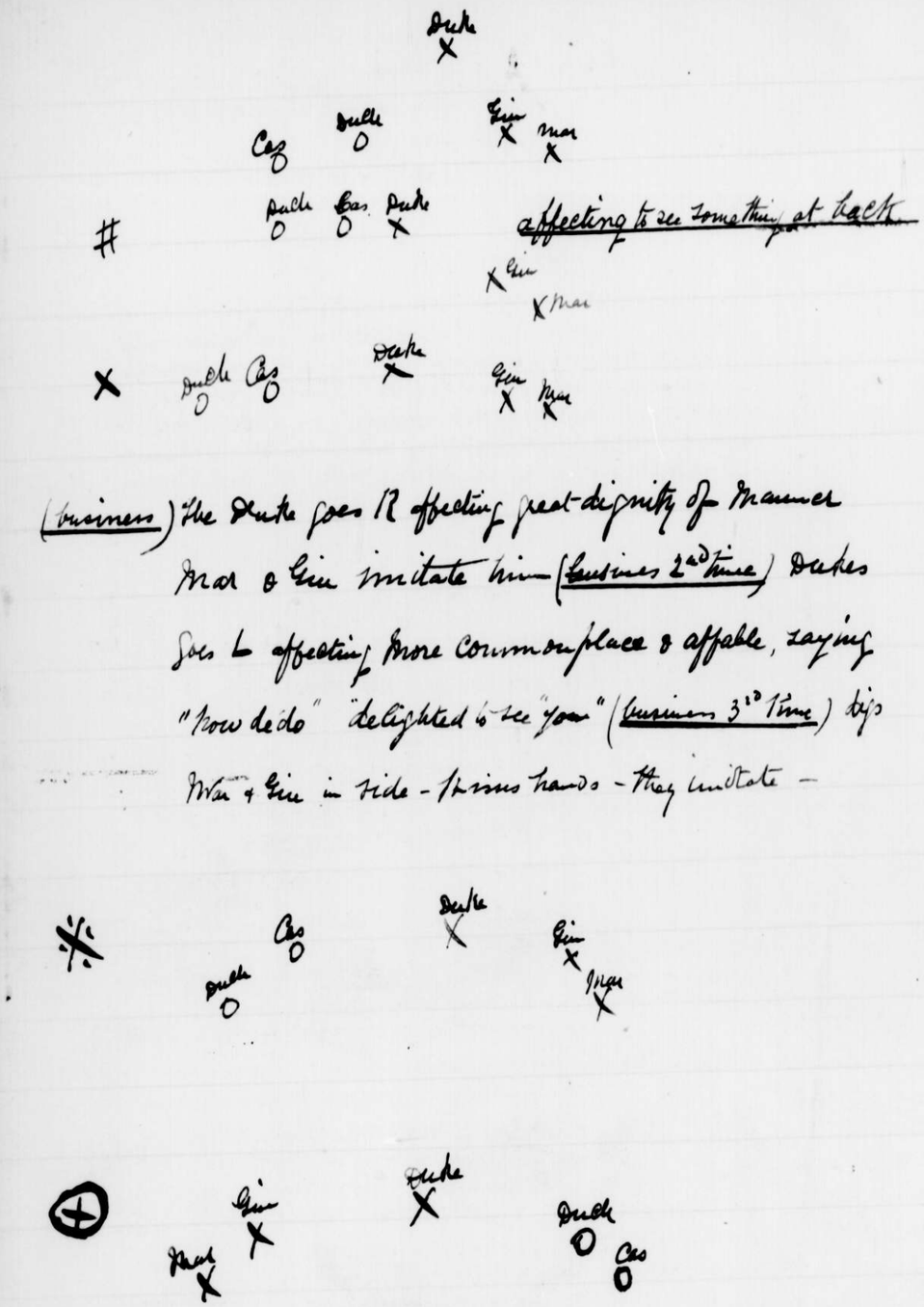
Duch & Cas go up steps — DUKE. If possible. And now there is a little matter to which I think I am entitled to take exception. I come here in State with Her Grace the Duchess and Her Majesty, my daughter, and what do I find? Do I find, for instance, a guard of honour to receive me? No. The town illuminated? No. Refreshment provided? No. A Royal salute fired? No. Triumphal arches erected? No. The bells set ringing? Yes—one—the Visitors', and I rang it myself. It is not enough. (turns up C)

Giu, what have I lost? — look about

The two respect-fully each time

GIU. Upon my honour, I'm very sorry; but, you see, I was brought up in a gondola, and my ideas of politeness are confined to taking off my hat to my passengers when they tip me.

Coming forward — DUCH. That's all very well, but it is not enough.




(business) The Duke goes R affecting great dignity of manner Mar & Giu imitate him (business 2nd time) Dukes goes L affecting more commonplace & affable, saying "How de do" "delighted to see you" (business 3rd time) exits Mar & Giu in side - shakes hands - they imitate -





(Y) Giu. Tenor

GIU. I'll take off anything else in reason. ( )

Coming forward C DUKE. But a Royal Salute to my daughter—it costs so little.

CAS. Papa, I don't want a Salute.

X GIU. My dear sir, as soon as we know which of us is entitled to take that liberty she shall have as many salutes as she likes.

MAR. As for guards of honour and triumphal arches, you don't know our people—they wouldn't stand it.

No they're a mean lot—they won't stand anything besides

GIU. They are very off-hand with us—very off-hand indeed.

DUKE. Oh, but you mustn't allow that—you must ~~keep them in~~ maintain proper discipline, you must impress your Court with your importance. Giu takes off a coronet You want deportment—carriage—manner—dignity. There must be a good deal of this sort of thing—(business)—and a little of this sort of thing—(business)—and possibly just a *soupçon* of this sort of thing! —(business)—and so on. Oh, it's very useful, and most effective. Attitude

Going up to C Δ Just attend to me. You are a King—I am a subject. Very good— (shake hands)

Δ Giu "He improves an acquaintance down the Marco"

## QUINTETTE.

DUKE, DUCHESS, CASILDA, MARCO, GIUSEPPE.

DUKE. I am a courtier grave and serious
Giu Who is about to kiss your hand: (They R left hand)
Try to combine a pose imperious
With a demeanour nobly bland. (Duch kisses Cas. hand)

MAR. & GIU. Let us combine a pose imperious
With a demeanour nobly bland.

(MARCO *and* GIUSEPPE *endeavour to carry out his instructions.*) (R left hand on breast)

DUKE. That's, if anything, *too* unbending—
Too aggressively stiff and grand; both hands out
(*They suddenly modify their attitudes.*)
Now to the other extreme you're tending—
Don't be so deucedly condescending!

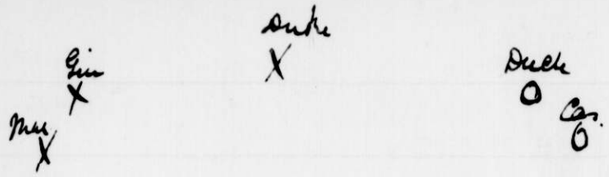
DUCH. & CAS. Now to the other extreme you're tending—
Don't be so dreadfully condescending!

MAR. & GIU. X R Oh, hard to please some noblemen seem!
At first, if anything, *too* unbending;
Off we go to the other extreme—
Too confoundedly condescending!

Duch & Cas X L to back in front

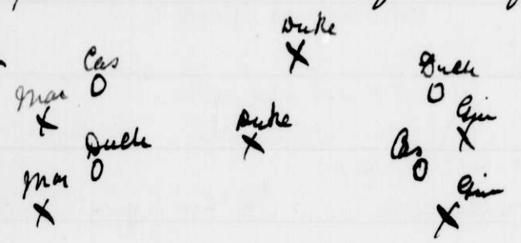
DUKE. ⊗ Now a gavotte perform sedately— Mar & Giu joins hands & bows
Offer your hand with conscious pride;
Take an attitude not too stately,
Still sufficiently dignified.

MAR. & GIU. Now for an attitude not too stately,
Still sufficiently dignified.
(*They endeavour to carry out his instructions.*)

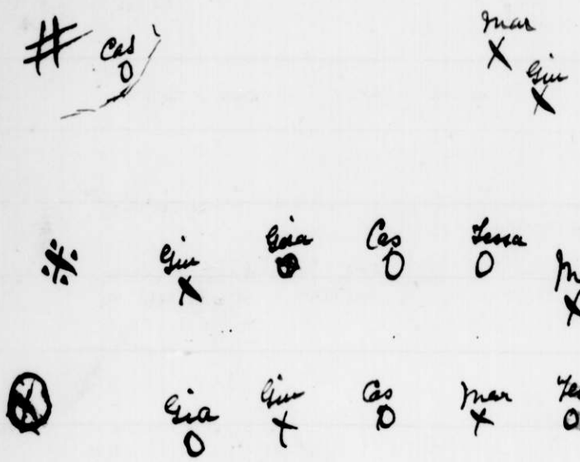



Dance — Ladies & Gents go once round & bow. Ladies go round Duke, & bow to Mar. & Gia. The Ladies change sides then go round one another as before and finish.

Begin dance




End of Dance






Every body for Finale

DUKE (*beating time.*)
Oncely, twicely—oncely, twicely— (They all go round & bow)
Bow impressively ere you glide. (~~They do so~~ 130
Capital both—you've caught it nicely!
That is the sort of thing precisely! (Mar & Gia go round

DUCH. & CAS. Capital both—they've caught it nicely!
That is the sort of thing precisely!

MAR. & GIU. X L Oh, sweet to earn a nobleman's praise!
Duch & Cas. X R Capital both—we've caught it nicely!
Mar returns R Duch L for Dance at repeat of } Supposing he's right in what he says,
This is the sort of thing precisely!

(GAVOTTE. *At the end exeunt* DUKE *and* DUCHESS, *leaving* CASILDA — Off R I E — cheeky old — who makes an *with* MARCO *and* GIUSEPPE.) X — Casilda seated fountain
(both seated on steps)

GIU. (*to* MARCO). The old birds have gone away and left the young chickens together. That's called tact.

MAR. It's very awkward. We really ought to tell her how we are situated. It's not fair to the girl. (Mar shows Gia, bus)

Gia imitates Mar.

GIU. ~~[illegible]~~ (What you do! — Mar I'd rather not), but I don't know how to begin. (*To* CASILDA) A—Madam— (business)

CAS. Gentlemen, I am bound to listen to you; but it is right to tell you that, not knowing I was married in infancy, I am over head and ears in love with somebody else.

goes C to Cas

GIU. Our case exactly! *We* are over head and ears in love with somebody else! (*Enter* TESSA (LIE) *and* GIANETTA (RIE).) In point of fact, with our wives!

CAS. Your wives! Then you are married? Gia Rather. Why here's some fun

Both Comic to Casilda. Gia goes R Girls kiss Cas hands

TESS. It's not our fault, you know. We knew nothing about it. We are sisters in misfortune.

CAS. My good girls, I don't blame you. Only before we go any further we must really arrive at some satisfactory arrangement, or we shall get hopelessly complicated.

QUINTETTE.—MARCO, GIUSEPPE, TESSA, GIANETTA, CASILDA.

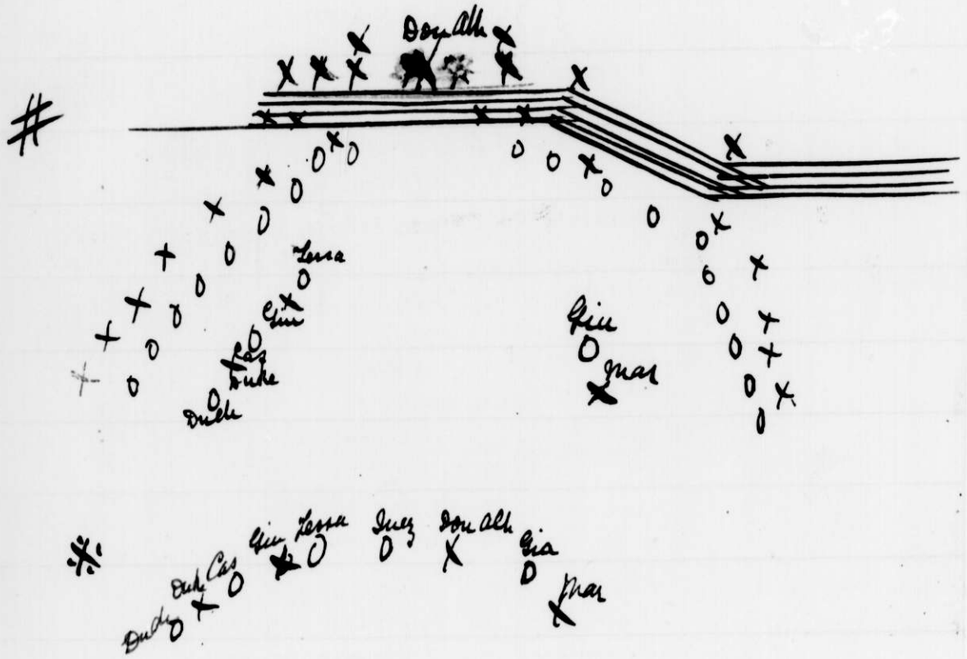
ALL. Here is a fix unprecedented!
Here are a King and Queen ill-starred! (down for main line)
Ever since marriage was first invented (The Ladies turn up & D
Never was known a case so hard!

MAR. & GIU. I may be said to have been bisected,
By a profound catastrophe! (turn up)

GIA., TESS., CAS. Through a calamity unexpected — Ladies separate
I am divisible into three! — turn up
Mar & Gia — I may be said to have been bisected
Gia Tess, Cas — I am divisible into three — Open out

Gia. Giu Cas Mar Lenna
O X O X O

As pause Note of Quintette is struck, Heralds passes and pikeman enter from back, followed by Ladies & Gents R & L




BRITISH MUSEUM



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for repeat all Chorus
Up - open out for last time

ALL. O moralists all,
How can you call
Marriage a state of unitee,
When excellent husbands are bisected,
And wives divisible into three? (At end all turn up and meet Heralds as coming on

(*Enter* DON ALHAMBRA, *followed by* DUKE, DUCHESS, *and all the Chorus.*) from back at each entrance R & L

## FINALE.

RECIT.—DON ALHAMBRA. on steps C

Pikeman & Pages leave opening

Now let the loyal lieges gather round—
The Prince's foster-mother has been found!
She will declare, to silver clarion's sound,
The rightful King—let him forthwith be crowned! (goes for Inez)

CHO. She will declare, &c.

(DON ALHAMBRA *brings forward* INEZ, from back *the Prince's foster-mother.*)

TESS. Speak, woman speak—
DUKE. We're all attention!
GIA. The news we seek—
~~Cas.~~ Duch This moment mention.
~~Duch.~~ Cas. To us they bring—
DON AL. His foster-mother.
MAR. Is he the King? (pointing to Giu)
GIU. Or this my brother? (to Mar)
ALL. Speak, woman, speak, &c.

RECIT.—INEZ. C

The Royal Prince was by the King entrusted
To my fond care, ere I grew old and crusted;
When traitors came to steal his son reputed,
My own small boy I deftly substituted!
The villains fell into the trap completely—
I hid the Prince away—still sleeping sweetly;
I called him "son" with pardonable slyness—
His name, Luiz! Behold his Royal Highness!

(*Sensation.* LUIZ *ascends the throne, crowned and robed as King.*

CAS. (*rushing to his arms*). Luiz! (sounds sceptre to Herald)
LUIZ. Casilda! (*Embrace.*) on steps)

ALL. Is this indeed the King,
Oh, wondrous revelation!
Oh, unexpected thing!
Unlooked-for situation! (*[redacted]*)

MARCO, GIANETTA, GIUSEPPE, TESSA. (Going to C.)

This statement we receive
With sentiments conflicting;
Our thoughts rejoice and grieve,
Each other contradicting;
To those whom we adore
We can be reunited—
On one point rather sore,
But, on the whole, delighted! (Turning R & L)

CASILDA, LUIZ, DUKE, *and* DUCHESS. (Coming down C.)

LUIZ. When others claimed thy dainty hand,
I waited—waited—waited—waited,

DUKE. As prudence (so I understand)
Dictated—tated—tated—tated.

CAR. By virtue of our early vow
Recorded—corded—corded—corded,

DUCH. Your pure and patient love is now
Rewarded—warded—warded—warded. (Leg Return to Throne with Cas)

ALL. Then hail, O King of a Golden Land,
And the high-born bride who claims his hand (Crown for Cas. brought on by Herald)
The past is dead, and you gain your own,
A royal crown and a golden throne! (All kneel during Flourish of Trumpets)

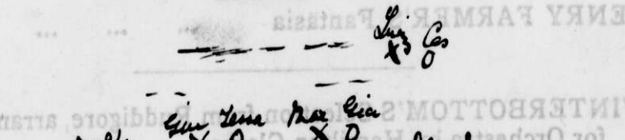
~~MARCO and GIUSEPPE.~~

All Once more *gondolieri*,
Both skilful and wary,
Free from this quandary
Contented are we.
From Royalty flying,
Our gondolas plying
And merrily crying
Our "*premi*," "*stali!*"

(Principals dance with Castinets down stage three times)

ALL. So good-bye Cachucha, fandango, bolero—
We'll dance a farewell to that measure—
Old Xeres, adieu—Manzanilla—Montero—
We leave you with feelings of pleasure! (Picture)

CURTAIN.

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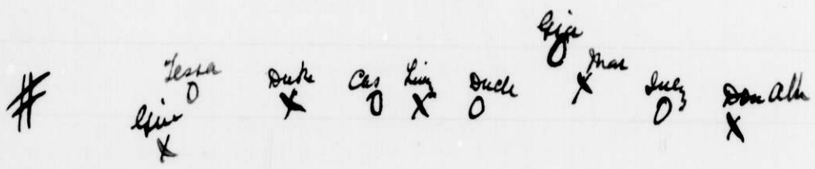
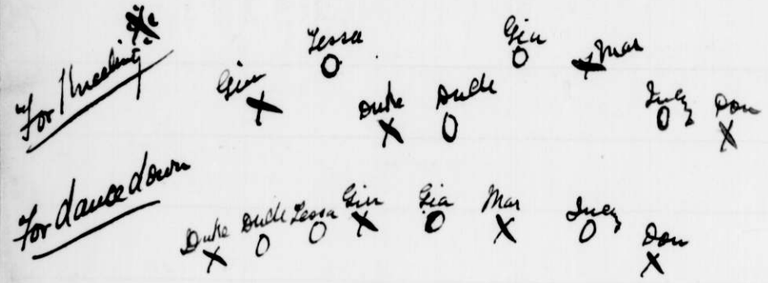
(Duke & Duchess go up and kiss hands & bow)




For Final picture Left-half, Ladies-Kneeling-Right-arms up
Centre Standing Left arms up
Right-half Ladies-Kneeling-Left-arms up
Centre Standing Right-arms up

(Final picture)

## Curtain Calls

| Act I | Act II |
| --- | --- |
| 1 Luiz & Casilda | Same as Act I |
| 2 Don Alhambra | |
| 3 Duke & Duchess | |
| 4 Marco & Giannetta | |
| 5 Giuseppe & Tessa | |

# "Cachucha"

All Ladies Start on right of Gentn —

## Principals

Set X L (ladies in front) turn on own round to left
Set X R ( " behind) " — " to right
Set Throw over (Ladies in front) Gent. pass round by left
do — do — " right
All down to audience four times hop on left leg first
Set & X as at commencement (twice
All down to audience three times
The four Change sides
Set and X as at commencement
All down to audience four times
Then Set (R & L twice) and turn into picture Ladies on L of Gent.

## Chorus

Set & X ladies L Gents R. & turn-over round —
do " R " L do —
Set & throw over Ladies L Gent pass round —
do — — — R do — —
All down to audience once
Swing and turn into picture, all Ladies down on L of Gents

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